

The Editors are happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but they cannot in any case return MSS. which are not acceptable, nor will they hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

THE BATTLE AT WASHINGTON.

THE President has thrown down the gauntlet to Congress, and Congress has picked it up. The direct collision which has long been anticipated has finally taken place, and the whole country is rocking with excitement and anxiety over the probable consequences. Partisans of either side, as might be expected, express themselves with absolute confidence as to the rights of the case, and the enthusiastic support which is proffered to both combatants is the hazardous element that threatens disastrous consequences. Gold has risen promptly in sympathy with the uncertainties ahead, and extreme measures are boldly advocated whose effect, if carried out, might be that of revolutionizing our form of government. The most influential daily journals, more guarded than Congress, partly because not directly participating in the fray, have observed an unusual reticence, which is more ominous than the frantic ravings of the mere party organs; but many thoughtful men in society, at the clubs, and on 'Change are freely expressing the belief that a crisis is at hand more perilous for existing national institutions than was even the sharpest strain of the Civil War.

To counsel temperance of speech and action at a time of such universal excitement and commotion seems idle; yet reflection should convince all reasonable minds that the situation is precisely one which calls for and justifies such moderation in an unusual degree. A strong, or at least plausible, legal case can be made out for both parties in the dispute; and although what their followers respectively call the obstinacy and treachery of the President and the violence and party rancor of Congress may seem to vindicate to either side the correctness of its own view, the facts and rights of the issue are not determinable through such assumptions. A suspension of vituperation and a dispassionate analysis of the merits of the pending controversy—an analysis having regard to the rights and wishes of the whole people rather than to the desires and personal animosities of the leading disputants—would of course be the rational way out of the difficulty. We fear that, for this very reason, it is little likely to be adopted, and that the angry opposing forces cannot now be restrained from precipitating a deplorable conflict. The immediate steps which have brought about the crisis—the removal by the President of Mr. Stanton from his post as Secretary of War and his replacement by Adjutant-General Thomas, the subsequent arrest of General Thomas under civil process at the instance of Mr. Stanton for alleged violation of the 5th section of the Tenure-of-office act, the introduction on the same day in the House of Representatives of a resolution to impeach the President and the passage of the resolution on Monday by a vote of 126 to 47—have succeeded each other with such startling rapidity as to give rise to very natural apprehensions on the part of the public as to what a day may bring forth. The circumstance, too, that the arrest of General Thomas and the debate on the proposed impeachment fell on Washington's birthday has excited a partly superstitious feeling in the breasts of many who remember several similar coincidences during the past few years of the national history.

The opening debate on the resolution of impeachment was characterized by extreme acrimony on the part of the President's assailants. "The ungrateful, despicable, mean, traitor President," said Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, "turned his back on the men who elected him and the friends who rallied round him. He turned his back on loyal men, including those in Tennessee, who supported him, and went over to the party he had fought not only in the ballot-box but in the field. Who is this Andrew Johnson, that he should set himself up against Congress, the courts, and the people? By what authority did he take upon himself to oppose the law passed in accordance with the con-

stitutional forms? Was it because God gave him more brains and moral character and a clearer judgement than he had given to other men? Let this House and the Senate teach Andrew Johnson that there is a power stronger than the President, namely, the power of the people, whose representatives were speaking here to-day." The same gentleman, in the evening, resumed his remarks and concluded his speech by expressing his belief that the Senate had patriotism and firmness enough to convict Andrew Johnson, and to remove him from the office which he had so long disgraced. The nation had been too long disgraced by this accidental President—by this man who had been made President by the assassin's pistol. He should be removed if it cut short his term by only one day, and should be sent down to posterity degraded, and incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under the government of the United States. Mr. Kelley observed that he and his friends "were about to arraign the great criminal of the age and the country—a man who had been for two years plotting with bloody and deliberate purpose the overthrow of the country's institutions. This day two years the President had appeared in the streets of Washington, surrounded by a rebellious rabble, and had pointed out by name Senator Sumner and Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, as objects of the lawless mob whom he then hailed as friends." Mr. Logan asserted that "the President stood before the country to-day the violator of public law; and it was the duty of the House to decide whether he was, and, if so, what course should be taken to punish him. There had not been a reconstruction law passed by Congress which Andrew Johnson had not laid a ruthless hand upon and obstructed. Ever since the apostasy of that man, two years ago, he had in every possible way obstructed the execution of the laws. He had not only insulted the nation by his conduct and disgraced his high office, but he had dragged in the slime and filth of demagogism the Presidential robes of office."

It does not seem to have occurred to either of these gentlemen that the Congressional majority scarcely needs to be persuaded, that it is rather to the people than to Congress that the representatives of the dominant party should justify their proposed action, and that language such as we have quoted must infallibly prejudice their cause and correspondingly strengthen the object of their attack. Much better would it have been for these representatives to have rested their case upon its really strong points. Had they chosen simply to urge their statement that removing a secretary from office while the Senate is in session without the assent of that body has always been considered a high crime and misdemeanor; that such a thing as the removal of a secretary while Congress was in session was never before done by a President; that President Johnson had no constitutional warrant for his action; but that even if he had, that warrant was made nugatory by the express terms of the Tenure-of-office act; and that he could not logically dispute the constitutionality of that act, since he had virtually admitted it by exercising the power of suspension and sending his reasons therefor to the Senate, for which he had no authority except by that act; had the advocates of impeachment restricted themselves to arguments like these, their position before the country would assuredly have been far better than it is. The extraordinary proceeding, too, of the Speaker in reading, toward the end of the debate, an inflammatory despatch from the governor of Illinois was ill calculated to help the cause it aimed to encourage. Is it necessary or becoming to enliven the deliberations of the national Congress by a Train-like manifesto such as this?

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Feb. 23.

"The usurpations of Andrew Johnson have created a profound sensation in the state. His last act is the act of a traitor. His treason must be checked. The duty of Congress seems plain. The people of Illinois, attached to the Union, I firmly believe will demand his impeachment, and will heartily sustain such action by our Congress. The peace of the country is not to be trifled with by that presumptuous demagogue. We know the national Congress will proceed wisely and cautiously, but let it proceed. Millions of loyal hearts are panting to stand by the stars and stripes. Have no fear; all will be well. Liberty and order will again triumph.

"B. J. OGLESBY, Governor."

It seems to us—and we have striven to regard the matter as calmly and as justly as the light we enjoy permits—that the President of the United States has a clear right to test the constitutionality of an act whose constitutionality has not been tested and which

he doubts; and we fail to see how his taking the only steps open to him to test that constitutionality affords tenable ground for his impeachment. It either is or is not the duty of a President to resist, or at least to test the validity of, legislative encroachments on the executive functions. A President either is or is not responsible to the people for the defence of those functions as set forth in the Constitution. The most learned and able jurists of whose opinions we have cognizance hold decidedly in these alternative propositions to the affirmative. We believe that Mr. Beck fairly represented these opinions when he contended that it was the bounden duty of the President to take steps to test the question, and that the President would be false to his trust as chief executive of the nation if he did not do so. If the Congress passed a law, asked Mr. Beck, depriving the President of his powers as commander-in-chief of the army, striking down the right of trial by jury, suspending the writ of habeas corpus in time of peace, and without just cause, would it not be the duty of the President to take measures to test the constitutionality of such acts? The President had the undoubted right to do as he had done, remove the Secretary of War, and communicate the fact to the Senate, merely appointing General Thomas as Secretary *ad interim*. That right was clear according to the writings of Madison, Chancellor Kent, and Chief-Justice Story; and an attempt to set that right aside was unconstitutional, null, and void, and it was the President's duty to have the question tested judicially. Mr. Beck claimed that even the Tenure-of-office bill did not cover the case of Secretary Stanton; for it was only applied to the cabinet officers appointed by Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Stanton was not one of them.

It is not a legislative but a judicial function to determine the merits of the question at stake. That it may be to the temporary advantage of a party to insist upon an opposite interpretation none will dispute; but we imagine a greater number will sustain the President in resisting such an interpretation than will sustain Congress in forcing it upon him. No clear-headed man can fail to see, however they may justify their course by the tyrannical plea of necessity, that the Congressional majority have persistently labored to destroy the legitimate balance of the government and to make it lop-sided. It is true that the Democratic minority eagerly press this view of the case and warn the country that if the ship of state be careened too far it will surely be overset. It is true that it is to the interest of the Democratic party to persuade the country of the reality and imminence of this danger. But is the danger for this reason a chimerical one, as the Republicans claim? The fact that political organizations are not infallible makes against one party as well as another. Plain reason and common sense can alone be safely depended upon in times of confused opinion or partisan excess. Plain reason and common sense tell us that the Republican leaders, apprehensive of losing power through the crumbling of their party edifice, have resorted to special legislation with the prime object which underlies all others of buttressing themselves with unalterable and universal Negro Suffrage. So far as the President of the United States in the discharge of his lawful functions stands as an obstacle to the consummation of this or any other unconstitutional design, we believe that the people are with him, if Congress is not; and, so long as this legitimate relation between the Constitution and the Executive continues, let the struggle with opposing passions or interests take what shape it may we do not doubt the issue.

THE POPE.

II.

WE have endeavored to show the origin of that union of church and state which still survives at Rome, although the causes which gave it birth have long ceased to operate. Like the solitary ruin of some splendid mediæval structure the Popedom stands before us, and those who desire most its preservation are consulting anxiously about the steps necessary to ward off complete decay. Already several pieces have crumbled away, and none are able to predict when the last remnant may not disappear. Even those who have made the perpetuity of the Church state a part of their religious creed now begin to fear that the worldly power of the Pontiff is approaching its end.

Should this contingency occur, it would mark a new era not only in the history of the Catholic, but in that of the entire Christian, community. It is from this standpoint that it behooves us to view the possible fate of Rome—not to bewail its possible destruction as a violent interference with the established order of things, but to rejoice in the hope that something better and more perfect may arise out of the ashes. There is no reason why the spiritual head of the Catholic faith should never be permitted to fulfil his high mission on earth without leaning on both powers. In these days it would not be difficult for the Pope to abstain from worldly concerns, and to live in strict accordance with the true Christian ideal. Supposing, therefore, that Italy should some time realize her national aspirations, and the Papal sovereignty succumb to the monarchy or the revolution, what would then be the situation of the representative of the universal Church? He would merely become a member of the state, and have an opportunity to prove by his own example that the Pontifex yields in all worldly affairs to the temporal rule. The most powerful princes submit in spiritual matters to the guidance of the ordinary priest without impairing their dignity. Should it lower the respect due to the sacred character of the chief priest to subordinate his worldly conduct to the direction of that power which is indispensable to the welfare of human society?

The enlightened spirit of the modern time has taken care that the Pope should never be reduced to the humiliation of playing the part of a dependent. Contemporaneous Italy bears no resemblance to the old French monarchy which surrounded itself with servile ecclesiastic dignitaries to enslave the souls as well as the bodies of the people. The heads of the Catholic Church in Germany have not degenerated into mere court prelates because they no longer emulate the pomp and the vices of princes. It would, of course never answer for the head of the Church to reside in a despotically governed country where there are no free co-governing citizens, but only obedient subjects, who are at the mercy of depraved officials, a corrupt judiciary, and the denunciation of spies. The Pope may, however, safely belong to a community where full social and political freedom obtains, where the rights of the citizen are as sacred as the inviolability of the ruler, where all are ready to espouse the wrongs of one, because he is a link in the living chain, and where the state, in protecting each individual member, vindicates its own dignity and independence. In such a state, we say, the Roman Catholic Church and its head could enjoy all their rights and immunities, even to the acquisition of property. When the present Pope presented the United States with the block of marble for the Washington Monument, he himself hoped to see in Italy, not excluding Rome, such a free and well-ordered system. Can we not give the Italian people credit for sufficient moderation and moral strength as may enable them to realize this dream of one of their noblest men? Will the united Italy not gradually cleanse herself of the impure elements which have become intermixed with the nobler, so that she may hereafter be really free and independent? It is, of course, not to be expected that the Popedom should at once and easily subside into its new position after the loss of its temporal power. There may be many vicissitudes and trials for it in store. Not a few of those who seek the overthrow of the Church state conspire likewise against the spiritual supremacy of the Pontiff. They are abetted by many influences and on many sides. But whatever we may anticipate, hope, or fear from the change, the Catholic dogma is sure to be ultimately benefited by such a reform. From that date onward Christendom would rapidly adapt itself everywhere to the form which is best suited to modern society in its leading characteristic. There will no longer be a potentate who exercises in the same person the royal and the episcopal functions. In Europe, it is true, the new social system has not yet gone into general or uniform operation. The spiritual powers there still retain many of their ancient privileges, and the temporal powers have not entirely relinquished the so-called prerogatives of majesty, invented by despots to control the religious conscience. But in this country the case is different. The principle that the worldly power must abstain as strictly from interfering with the spiritual as the spiritual with the worldly is practically recognized in our daily life. We not only proclaim but act up to the doctrine of the broadest tolera-

tion. Here the oppressed of all nations, races, and creeds, who seek room, food, shelter, work, and liberty, are made welcome.

The example of the United States begins to exert a constantly increasing influence in Europe, and were the Roman Catholic Church once free, its clergy would be as warmly attached to the cause of liberty in the old as they have shown themselves to be in this new world. Should the Popedom, therefore, share the lot of all man's handiwork, and perish when its allotted time arrives, Christendom would at last be in a position to carry out those principles which one of its most distinguished heads has urged already ten centuries ago against Byzantine despotism. The Catholic Church would thus, moreover, have the honor of being the herald of that social reconstruction which best comports with the modern spirit, for with the dissolution of the Church state the different national and state Church establishments of Europe would also have to approach the solution of a problem which many of the opponents of the Popedom appear entirely to overlook. In nearly all these establishments the two highest powers are still united. In England the theory is that the monarch is the head of the Church. In the German states the supreme spiritual authority rests in the crown. These dualities will also have to cease. The Church state, in its latest form, and the national and state Church establishments, have grown up in the same period of history, and are the results of the same influences.

It has been frequently asked whether a Pope of truly enlightened views and iron will, and under peculiarly favorable circumstances, might not reconstruct the Church state in accordance with the demands of the modern era? The question is almost unanswerable, for the difficulties are all but superhuman. Pius IX. attempted to surmount them, and partially reformed the Papal government by conferring temporal offices on laymen. He tried to enliven the torpid mass by a liberal constitution and laws, and we all know the result of these generous intentions. The fact is, that the Pope's sovereignty can hardly be turned to any other use than to advance the interests of the Church. Its whole legislative, administrative, and judicial system must be ecclesiastical, for in the dual authority of the Pontiff the spiritual is the original and therefore the preponderating. This makes the government necessarily arbitrary and irresponsible. Invested with the sacerdotal character of the priesthood, disobedience to it becomes a double crime. Hence comes the maxim that Rome and its dependencies are the inalienable property of the Church—the patrimony of St. Peter and his successors. But how can a state be property? Are meadows, herds, forests, streams, a state, or is it the people? Let a people become property, and those civic virtues which have often made even the smallest states strong, prosperous, and respected, will never thrive among them. Property has no moral incentive, no sense of political responsibility, no idea of honor and duty, no enthusiasm or love of country. It is just because the Church state has been treated as property that its safety must depend on the swords of mercenary adventurers and French bayonets.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

NOTWITHSTANDING the theologians, it is not yet settled whether we are born selfish or only become so by the seduction of opportunity and the contagion of example. Actually neither of these disposing influences can be avoided; segregation would remove both, but would at the same time remove the possibility of selfishness if not the existence of moral quality as well. A young infant crying for the moon or wanting to get its father's head into its mouth is not selfish; yet the same child is so when, only a little later, it crowds a younger one and insists upon having all the toys. But the opportunity always appears and the example is always at hand; or suppose the extreme case of absolute segregation—that a man has been mysteriously placed, in infancy, upon a lonely island—and he is practically without moral quality. He is not selfish, but he is not anything; he is neither cruel, generous, wise, nor foolish, but isolated and unmeasurable; he is rightly his own supreme, for there is no other for him. Hence, where there is a possibility of selfishness, selfishness exists, and its tempting causes with it; so the theologians are

baffled, and the question put at the beginning—whether the causes are disposing merely or are predisposing—stands a fast lock to their piety.

Selfishness is not self-love and self-care, but an unrighteous devotion to self at the expense of others. Self-preservation underlies human society, which was organized because it was known that some would sacrifice others' rights for their own gratification, unless hindered. In the savage state the law of the strongest was of comparatively small account, since the very conditions of such life, gradually removing the weakest, placed all nearly on an equality of physical power; the savage maintained hard usages, but each individual was ready to be subject to them in his turn; if he turned his aged parents out to die or burned them at the stake, he was equally ready to be burned when vanquished or to be turned out when old; his pride kept him rigidly in the rude walks of usage, and he very nearly carried out the rule of doing to others as he would they should do to him. Civilization, however, starting with the principle that, for the preservation of all, there must be a safeguard erected against the selfishness of some, has actually fostered, and still does foster, the very thing which it was founded to prevent. Civilization and selfishness really, from all that appears, advance *pari passu*. Civilization is so complex that it has lost the simplicity of the code of barbarism; that drew a plain line between conforming, which was self-respect and caste, and nonconforming, which was shame and casting-out; but civilization affords a thousand loop-holes for evasion, and has an uncertain penalty. Enacted laws say that you shall not murder, or burn, or steal, or perjure yourself, and even that you shall not have this or that fluid in your house, and all but a few persons respect the penalty and refrain from doing what is forbidden. But as to each individual, these restrictions are as distant as the horizon, and they allow him a wide circle within which he may be as selfish as he pleases. There was no law forbidding the priest and the Levite to pass on the other side, and they passed accordingly.

That this is demonstrably true may be seen by beginning with the examination of the early settlement of the country, or any part of it, and following its course down to the time of reaching high civilization, coupled with which is always found high selfishness, cultivated into a thousand shoots from one bad root. It is probable that there was never, since the early Christians who had all things in common, a band of more unselfish persons, as to their own body, than the people who shivered on Plymouth Rock in 1620. The virtue may have sprung from the situation, but it was there. Utterly intolerant as to all others, and holding with mingled arrogance and pride, that they were the saints for whom God made the continent, they were for a time quite unselfish among themselves, being new and untempted yet from without and within. It was not until some years later, when they had made their position firmer, had increased in numbers, and had grown comparatively comfortable, that circumstances began to tempt them and they began to yield. They had some semi-barbarous customs left—branding, cropping, whipping, standing in the pillory; and some tyrannical ones, particularly those relating to Sabbath-keeping; but they all came under their yoke, just as savages did. After a time, however, they hung Mary Dyer, persecuted Roger Williams, and were more intolerant persecutors than those they had escaped. Two hundred years later their descendants had dropped the religious intolerance and had wonderfully developed the selfishness. In the earlier times mutual assistance was the rule of action. Everybody knew the secrets and the needs of everybody else, and discussed the former and helped the latter. Daughters went out to domestic service without pay and were made members of the family, Ireland not then having been discovered. Sons also went out to work, labor being made a commodity to be passed about wherever needed, as the tariff had not then been brought forth.

All this, however, dries up like dew in the compacted and artificially forced civilization of modern days in cities. In cities, the injunction to "be neighborly" is never obeyed; more than this, it is never uttered, for in the city there are no neighbors. Exactly where selfishness is most offensive and most without remedy, it is most general and most decided. The maxim of the city commonly is *Sauve qui peut*.

In streets, in public conveyances, and in public places of all kinds, men are impelled to contact, nor can they escape it when they go home. But the *saue qui pent* motto is a thoroughly bad one, even when selfishly considered; for a little reflection will show that, allowing for certain small variations caused by differences in power and sensibility, a man loses exactly as much as he gains. The Irish duellist in the story, who wanted to be placed several paces nearer his antagonist than his antagonist was to him, found this impracticable; and when a man, impelled by the force of congregating, crowds nearer his fellow, his fellow crowds just so much nearer him. By reckless assertion of our own personal rights nothing whatever is gained, for this makes others do the same, and the freedom of action thus acquired is exactly offset by what others rob us of.

In the city, my next-door neighbor is not my neighbor, but only the person who lives next door; and whatever he is, he cannot be kept at a distance, unless the law can be made to recognize him as a public nuisance. His name is not known, but his doors and windows are indistinguishable from mine; an outstretched arm may reach from one house to the other; we enter the same wall at night by different holes; should our latch-keys happen to be similar, I may enter his door by mistake in a moment of musing; there is no distance between us, only a thin skin of bricks. It is perfectly certain that by this close contact his virtues, which require a certain perspective, will be quite concealed, while his disagreeableness will be distorted into frightful size. Although he is not my neighbor, it is very probable that he may make himself disagreeably known to me. He may be learning, or trying to learn, the bugle or the violin; he may have a daughter who vocalizes, or hammers the piano till midnight in summer nights, or keeps at it all day on Sundays; his dinner may be abominable and may float in to me in unearthly odors; the fumes of his pipe may fill my parlor, whereas tobacco is inexpressibly odious to me; he may have a set of loud-voiced boarders who sit on his door-step in these July nights and tell half-indecent anecdotes; he may keep a dog that yelps, or a goat that bleats, all night long; he may entertain boisterous and not over-select company; his great rude child may bully my more delicate one; he may come home drunk and knock furiously at my door for admittance, and in innumerable ways he may be an hourly torment and burden to me.

What am I going to do about it? Society answers my growling with this question; and when I cannot answer the question, and so ask it in my turn, Society gives me a shove and says again, *Saue qui pent*. All the trouble lies in the *qui pent*. In the country one has neighbors and loves them, for distance keeps them attractive; if one had the devil himself for a neighbor, he would there be not disagreeable, for he is a gentleman, at least at a distance. There is an immeasurable amount of virtue in a large yard. Humanity in the abstract everybody loves, but humanity in the concrete is an unwashed thing, and is really very trying. Humanity with room enough to spread in is gentle, manly, or at least innocuous; but when bricked up in walls it becomes a prickly and acrid affair.

In the city, however, the question how we shall get neighbors becomes a seriously practical one. A man is proprietor on his twenty-odd feet of the street-front, but he cannot control the occupants on either side, and yet any disorder or indecency or troublesomeness might as well be on his own premises as on theirs. His comfort depends upon their being inoffensive. So well is this understood, that a blacksmith-shop or a stable or a "saloon" of any kind depreciates all the property in its vicinity, and no prudent man buys where there are any vacant lots or any very cheap houses near by, without first ascertaining that no such depreciation is likely to follow. Yet against any disagreeableness in the persons who live near him a man is utterly powerless, and the law does not recognize his case. He cannot buy up the whole street. He can move away, but it is sometimes inconvenient to move away, and this remedy is as mocking as the answer which a railroad monopoly—the Camden and Amboy, for instance—makes to all complaints: If we do not like their way of carrying us to Washington we need not go, or we can go another way. But in

point of fact, we are obliged to go, and there is no other way; there is no other railway, nor is there a stage route, and we cannot walk nor can we afford a private carriage. If some corporation could get control of the atmosphere, doubtless it would charge a round price per cubic foot, and would then say, "If you don't like our prices, stop breathing our air." Society says to everybody, "*Saue qui pent*. If you don't like our ways, leave us, and go to the moon or where else you like."

The whole question is just this: Has a man a right to do as he pleases, even on his own ground? Only within severe limits. We have no right to insist that another shall live according to our rules of life; but we may demand that he shall live so as not to crowd us or restrict our comforts. If the man next door swallows pebbles with his dinner or keeps a poodle which shares his bed, we may think him in the one case a fool and in the other a disgusting person; but he does not trench upon our comforts and we have no business to complain. But if he may hammer on the piano all night or may have a boisterous party or may keep an agonized dog, why may he not have a steam-whistle or a horse-fiddle; and if he may send clouds of tobacco smoke into our parlor windows, why may he not carry on the business of bone-boiling in his back yard? The difference is only in the degrees of discomfort, not in the fact of violating personal rights. It is more objectionable to have a knife thrust into you than to have your nose pulled, to be sure; but a man has exactly as much right to do one as the other.

Carry the same reasoning into the matter of street behavior. Boston once, we remember, forbade smoking in the street, though the law has now slipped into desuetude. It was Puritanically tyrannical? Scarcely; for if it restricted the freedom of the smokers, it also gave as much to the non-smokers—the privilege of being unmolested in public places. The street is not a private smoking-room. One man has no more right to void his tobacco smoke into the face of another than he has to void his saliva. If he has; why, in the name of sense? Because the smoke is the less disagreeable? That is a matter for individual preference; and beside, a man has no right to do the least disagreeable thing. Why may not a man appear on Broadway with a long stick strapped horizontally across his back, or with an open package of asafetida in his pocket, or carrying a pole-cat in his arms, or with his clothes dripping with kerosene oil, or with a rattlesnake coiled around his neck, with as much right as he may smoke there? Because it is not customary to carry asafetida in the pocket—nobody thinks about it; if it only were the custom we should hear a fearful cry from the smokers themselves. If a man treads upon another's foot, he apologizes; but he will carelessly void offensive smoke into his very throat, and never think that he does anything reprehensible. If a man dislikes smoking he can keep out of the street. But the right of the tobacco-hater in the street is equal to that of the tobacco-lover; to refrain from smoking in public places is not granting a concession, but not to refrain is violating a right. Upon actual right, without reference to the sanction of custom, a man would be perfectly justifiable in resenting the smoking of tobacco near him as a personal affront.

We dwell thus upon smoking merely because it is the most general and flagrant outrage of the kind. But selfishness has by degrees proceeded so far that, particularly in the metropolis, there is hardly more than a tradition remaining of personal rights. Monopoly corporations oppress the public, and every individual retaliates upon the public. Public places are constantly full of flagrant violations of personal rights. Every storekeeper appropriates the sidewalk; growling because boxes and barrels obstruct his own legs, but yet piling them before his own door. A group of ugly cattle passing kicks from one to another is hardly a travesty upon modern human intercourse, for everybody crowds and is crowded. The society of cities has sunk to a melancholy condition of selfishness which we fail to notice because custom has so nearly reconciled us to making life a game of grab.

To return to our former proposition, theoretically everybody admits, and practically everybody denies, that it is not absolutely necessary for a man to be selfish in order to obtain anything for himself. If we had been meant to live as wolves our arms would have

terminated in paws. Nothing is gained by wolfishness, because others wrest from us precisely as much as we wrest from them; but something is lost, for unselfishness and largeness of heart are a possession in themselves. Even in a hard, utilitarian age when the goal of life is a fortune before one is thirty, and character is reckoned a good thing if it can be thrown in, but money must be made whether or no, it may not be absurd to plead for unselfishness. Better Don Quixote charging at sheep and cutting sacks of wine, in the name of chivalry, than the greediness which knows nothing better in living than to raise on the surface of the great world a miserable little ant-hill of personal possessions.

THE BRITISH IN ABYSSINIA.

FEW things will be more interesting, during the next few months, than to watch the progress made by the British army in Abyssinia. The maps of King Theodore's dominions that can be obtained here are, for the most part, inaccurate and defective; but if our readers will preserve in their memories the following facts, they will have little difficulty in understanding the accounts of the progress of the expedition which will from time to time reach them through the daily newspapers. The base of supplies and of operations for the British army is a little hamlet called Zulla, which is about half way up Annesley Bay, an estuary of the Red Sea, in the north-east corner of Abyssinia. Its objective is to reach Magdala, a strongly fortified city, where, by the latest news, King Theodore, with the British captives for whose release the expedition was organized, awaits the coming of his foes. Now, a line drawn from Zulla due south will reach Magdala, and the distance is two hundred and eighty miles. This line, if deflected a little, will pass through the following places: Senafe, forty miles from Zulla; Ategerat, thirty miles from Senafe; Antalo, seventy miles from Ategerat; and from Antalo to Magdala is one hundred and forty miles further, the former being the half-way station from Zulla. For practical purposes, the bulk of the army may now be said to be at Senafe, forty miles from its base. At Zulla lie its store-ships, its transports, and its ammunition reserves; while through the narrow and perilous defiles that furnish the only means of communication between Zulla and Senafe, it has conveyed sufficient supplies to enable it to push forward on the next stage of its journey, which is Antalo, one hundred miles further. What is true of all armies, that they move on their bellies, is true in an especial sense of the British army; and while, to the uninitiated, it may seem an easy thing to move a column of ten thousand men over one hundred miles of ground, the undertaking is really a herculean one in this instance, since every pound of food must be brought on the backs of mules from the commissariat depots at Zulla. The transportation department of the expedition came near breaking down at the outset; the number of mules was not sufficient, and a disease broke out among them that defied the skill of the veterinary surgeons; the mule drivers were also scanty in number, and very adverse to discipline and subordination; and the so-called roads through which the supply trains had to pass opposed heart-breaking obstacles. Thus, almost all that has been done up to this time has been to get ready to do something, and it is only now that the army is "going to begin" its real advance. But even now its onward progress will be very slow; since, as it moves on, it must establish posts of supply behind it and accumulate stores there, as points of support in case of need and as safe sources of steady supply. The fighting head of the long drawn-out column must move slowly and halt often. It has taken a fortnight to move the advance from Senafe to the first point south, Gunna Kuma, a distance of a dozen miles; and although better speed may now be hoped for, a long interval must elapse before it reaches Antalo, the half-way station on its journey to Magdala.

As one proceeds from Senafe southward toward Antalo the country rises and becomes more rugged; the route lies parallel with the eastern edge of the great plateau, and when Ategerat is reached, thirty miles from Senafe, the plateau is nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. This place, which on some of the maps is written Addigraht, is on the watershed, and from the mountains around it, which

rise to the height of eleven thousand feet, streams issue, flowing to the north and west to join the river Mareb, and south and west to meet the Tacaze river. The latter is a noble stream, wide as the Hudson, and it flows through a valley or ravine two thousand feet deep, as it rushes on to meet the Nile. There is a tributary of this river to the south, and several others to the south-west of Ategerat, which have furrowed the plateau with deep ravines, across which an artillery train could hardly pass. But there are two routes whereby these obstacles may be flanked—the best of which, leading to the south-west, passes along the base of a great mountain wall, straight along the watershed, till it reaches a point called Atebidena, forty miles from Ategerat, and still nine thousand feet above the sea. Then it meets with a stream, along the side or over the dry bed of which the army can move until it reaches Antalo, which is seven thousand feet above the sea, and is in the midst of one of the best districts of Abyssinia.

Thus far into the bowels of the land Sir Robert Napier may move, not without toil, but without serious danger—the labor of securing his depots of supplies being his chief work. But when the advance beyond Antalo commences the formidable obstacles to the progress of the army will begin to present themselves. The distance to Magdala is still one hundred and forty miles. For the first thirty miles the route is through a fertile and well watered although rugged country; and then arises a formidable range or cluster of lofty mountains, through the defiles and over the summits of which, towering to the altitude of twelve thousand feet, the army must go. There is one defile of twenty miles in length which is the only one practicable for an army that seeks to reach Magdala, and a traveller thus speaks of it: "Our passage was difficult and narrow. The banks of the mountain were high walls of rock, a slip from which would cause certain death." Once safely through this passage, and, providing that King Theodore does not attempt to make of it a Thermopylæ, the army can proceed through other similar but less formidable dangers into the plains of Zeju, which are two days' march from Magdala. Here the country of the insurgent chiefs of the Waagshum Gobazze, who are in arms against King Theodore, is reached, and the British will find themselves in the midst of allies whose friendship may prove more dangerous than their enmity. But it is evident that before the army can be planted on these plains ready to move on King Theodore's works at Magdala, many long and weary months must pass. The idea, however, that two years will elapse before the army can retire from Abyssinia, does not seem to be well founded. It is based on the supposition that during the rainy season, which begins in May and continues until the end of September, military operations are impracticable. It is true that during these rains communication between the base of supplies at Zulla and Senafe will be cut off. The only "roads" between these two points are the beds of streams, which "dry up" during the dry season, from October to the end of April, but which become raging torrents during the rainy season. But if Sir Robert Napier can accumulate supplies in sufficient quantity for the sustenance of his force during this interval of seven months at depots along the line of march, he can push his campaign in spite of the rains. Dr. Blanc, who knows all about Abyssinia, says that the rainy season is most favorable for a campaign in the interior, since the air is then always cool and agreeable, and there are less violent variations of temperature, while the rains are not incessant, only falling in the afternoon and night, leaving a certain part of the day free for movement. The great rains do not begin until July. Sir Robert was probably ready to move his advance guard from Antalo by about the present time, or perhaps a week ago; and if so, he will have five months of dry weather in which to reach Magdala and return to the coast. But if, as is probable, King Theodore concludes to abandon Magdala, and, taking his captives with him, retreats still further into the fastnesses of his kingdom—perhaps to his capital, Gondar, which lies west from Antalo nearly three hundred miles—the British will have accomplished their long journey for nothing, unless they conclude to settle down in Magdala and annex Abyssinia to the dominions of her Majesty, their Queen.

AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

EVERYBODY has seen and shuddered at Gérome's remarkable picture, "After the Masquerade," if not in the original, at least in a photographic copy. Under a shady alley of the Bois de Boulogne, in the chill, cheerless twilight of early dawn, with drawn rapier and dishevelled hair and raiment disarrayed, a masquer waits for the foe whom some chance word dropped in the flush of insolence and wine has won for him. His pallid lips are set in the struggle between despair and pride, from his straining eyes look forth what unutterable agonies of remorse and late repentance, over his damp, dark brow you see creeping the awful shadow of impending doom! Perhaps he hears his enemy approach and his grasp tightens convulsively on his sword-hilt, perhaps a woman's fair and fatal face—*causa teterrima belli*—gleams and fades among the swaying foliage to unnervise him. In the soft, sad morning breeze his masquing ribbons flutter in gay but ghastly mockery of his dark errand, and the contrast between the festivity he has left and this sudden, sombre awakening from his brief delirium of love and pleasure is vividly suggested. All the tragedy and comedy, the laughter and the tears of life are compressed into that one picture. We know of but one other that equals its effect of utter dreariness and isolation and despair, and that is "The Wreck of the Medusa," and even in that the number of the actors gives a sense of human companionship and mutual reliance which is wanting to redeem the terrible loneliness of that single figure waiting, sword in hand, for death; for he is to die—you see it in every line of his rigid face, under the sighing leaves, after the masquerade.

Well, hereabouts at least, our masquerades have seldom such sorry ending; though, if we remember rightly, it was at a ball that the dispute arose which lately gave two chivalrous members of the Stock Board a chance to vary the monotonous excitement of bulling and bearing by making asses and targets of themselves in the classic groves of Weehawken. Still, the practice is not common; a knock-down, an apology, a bottle of champagne generally suffice to quiet the most clamorous demands of honor among our *jeunesse dorée*. But we cannot help fancying that Paterfamilias, as he sits at his late breakfast after the Liederkrantz ball, and wonders why the coffee is so flavorless and the steak so insipid, and whether his brains have been really boiled in fat, and what there is in a grand ball to make his interesting daughters and their amiable mamma so extremely ill-tempered and uninteresting, and thinks with a groan of his diminished pocket-book, must somewhat resemble Gérome's masquer. There is the same remorse, the same ineffectual repentance, the same conviction of having been a profane fool, and the same intensely earnest and sincere wish that he hadn't. Probably he is right. Most people who go to balls find out the next morning that they have been doing an extremely silly thing, which they take that opportunity of vowing never to repeat. But the vows are always broken, and Paterfamilias, who groans so loudly that the game isn't worth the rather costly candle, will be perhaps the first to propose next year to renew that extravagant illumination. And surely if ever good excuse were given for such inconsistency, the Liederkrantz might give it.

Masked balls, it has been well remarked, are not, as a rule, successful in this country. The spirit of our people is totally opposed to that gay finesse and gallantry and intrigue, that joyous, even reckless, abandon, which make, to our notion, the essence of masquerade. There is something honest and above-board—perhaps there is also borrowed from our Pilgrim fathers something saturnine—in our composition which revolts at the gay *folatrics* to which the mask gives countenance and excuse. Nor does the infusion of the German element tend to remedy this defect, if defect it be. Under the clear, blue, honest eye of Saxon and Anglo-Saxon alike there lurks but little of that wild *diablerie* that gleams in passionate ardor or languorous invitation through the carnival masks of Venice or of Rome, and Northern lips are not easily fashioned to those thrilling, delicious, furtive whispers in stranger ears that fire the veins of dame or cavalier in the dominoes of warmer climes. So whoever goes to the Liederkrantz with the expectation of realizing that atmosphere of delightful mystery and romance which fancy loves to throw around a masquerade, will surely be disappointed. Whatever immunity his disguise may give him for the utterance of those sweet saucinesses which he may have read are the correct thing under the circumstances, he will reap but little reward from his boldness except the barren one of having done his duty. *Murmur* as softly as he may in the reluctant

ear of the Yellow Domino, press with whatever amorous pressure her unyielded hand, he will elicit no responsive gleam of passion from her indignant eyes that will make his shirt front wildly palpitate or give promise of future favor. Of course this assertion must be taken with a grain of salt. Perhaps after supper and in some secluded nook, withdrawn from envious eyes, the Yellow Domino may prove kinder. *Quien sabe?* Human nature and human passions are pretty much the same all the world over; but we think it cannot be gainsaid that, taken as a whole, the one element of carnival gayety which is lacking in the Liederkrantz ball, as in every masked ball in our staid and proper community, is carnival license. Perhaps no other essential feature, however, could be better dispensed with.

With this reservation, we know of no reasonable anticipation of enjoyment which the Liederkrantz ball would fail to answer. Certainly, in variety and splendor of costume there is none that equals it, or at least none that surpasses; and whoever witnessed from the boxes the scene on the floor during the progress of the procession—a scene radiant with glint of brede and sheen of gold and flash of jewels, with waving scarfs and tossing plumes and splendid bewilderment of color—brought away with him a memory and a delight, a mental photograph of rare and fantastic beauty. The crowd, which in respect to dancing was rather inconvenient, only added picturesqueness to the view. Yet undoubtedly the majority of those present would have spared a little from the latter to have added to the comfort of the former. We have heard many complaints on this point, and the society should look to it hereafter. All people who go to balls for the purpose of dancing are presumptively idiots, and so may be expected to huddle all together upon a floor which is capable of holding perhaps one-fifth of their number. Yet, on the other hand, it must be remembered that complaints of this sort come usually from people who either don't dance at all or dance badly, and so are being continually knocked about or down as the penalty of their awkwardness. And in all other respects the arrangements were deserving of the highest praise; the cloak-rooms accessible and numerous the music of course superb, and the members' various committees attentive and courteous. Too much credit cannot be given for the pains which were taken to exclude all objectionable characters, and so to spare the ladies present a repetition of that unpleasant reminiscence of the *Jardin Mabille* which was permitted, toward the small hours, to disgrace the ball of the *Cercle d'Harmonie*. In this, more than in any other arrangement of their ball, the members of the Liederkrantz have proved themselves anew to be intelligent and high-minded gentlemen.

So let Paterfamilias groan and grumble as he will, he will pretty surely make just such another fool of himself again next year, pay once more fabulous bills for inconceivable millinery and astounding haberdashery, and again suffer himself to be led to the Academy like a large and rather fat lamb to the slaughter, there to be found, when wanted by unescorted daughters, peacefully snoring in the rear of his proscenium box, or plenteously regaling himself on champagne and boned turkey with the hospitable committee. And there will all of us likely be found again with our wives (unless we follow the precept we overheard of one uxorious spouse who thought it the duty of every husband to attend all such affairs and then go home and tell his wife all about them), our daughters, and our sweethearts to do homage to Prince Carnival. Perhaps we shall do before and after it many things less wise; there is a time when it is not only sweet but sensible to be foolish.

ITALIAN OPERA.

THE success of the La Grange-Brignoli combination at the Academy of Music has been genuine, and, moreover, it has been honestly earned. We have already noticed the very pleasant performance of *Don Pasquale*, given on the Monday of last week. Had the representatives of the Don himself and of Malatesta, instead of being merely careful and tolerable, reached the very high level attained by the Norina and the Ernesto of this occasion, the performance would have come very near perfection. It is a very difficult thing to make a work so bald in scenic and decorative effect and attired in that most trying of costumes, modern dress, satisfactory to an audience which has been, of late, so accustomed to the pomp and glitter of spectacle. The lovely melodies and exquisite instrumentation of *Don Pasquale* do a good deal to gain it acceptance; yet a high order of comic talent, as well as good singing, are necessary to raise acceptance to the

point of enthusiasm. We cannot say that the performers of Don Pasquale and Dr. Malatesta came, in these respects, to the needful mark. Still, they were painstaking and appreciative, and did not disturb the harmony of the picture. On the other hand, Signor Brignoli and Miss Phillips were really capital in their respective rôles—the former rather in singing than in acting; the latter, as usual, in singing and acting alike. Ernesto, however, is, at best, little better than a walking gentleman, and Sig. Brignoli had a better excuse than he usually has for deficiencies which, were they even greater, his charming voice would amply cover. We were not altogether pleased by the introduction, as a finish, of *Il Bacio*, admirably as Miss Phillips sang the song. *Il Bacio* has no business in *Don Pasquale*, and although there are plenty of precedents for the displacement of original music in favor of what is supposed to be more brilliant and effective, Miss Phillips is not of the grade of artists who need stoop to add to the number.

On Wednesday an excellent performance of *Il Ballo in Maschera* added greatly to the reputation this troupe has lately achieved. Madame La Grange was in excellent voice, and if any traces of her recent indisposition yet remain, they were invisible in her singing or acting. We doubt whether *Il Ballo* has ever been as well given in New York as on this occasion. The third act was particularly good, and although in the difficult concerted piece which brings down the curtain Messrs. "Sam" and "Tom" were a little uncertain as to time, the general effect was uncommonly fine. Sig. Brignoli sang with great animation, and the duet with Madame La Grange was, by both artists, rendered in a style to win a determined encore. Miss Phillips did her best in this opera with an ungrateful part, showing again, as she has often shown before, that her artistic fidelity will never allow her to slight even a disagreeable responsibility. The public appreciate these things and managers should do so likewise. Miss McCulloch was entrusted with the pretty part of Oscar, the page, and disposed of her music with delicacy and precision, if with manifest timidity. This young lady is too feminine, we surmise, to imagine herself of the opposite sex, and will require more experience than she has yet had to put on even a plausible semblance of it; *au reste*, her voice is pure and sweet, her appearance prepossessing, and her chance for distinction, with time and study, a promising one. Sig. Orlandini appeared to advantage in a difficult part, and retained throughout the good opinion of his audience. The choruses were in better accord than they sometimes are, and, on the whole, we should say that *Il Ballo* will very well bear repetition.

One of the most numerous audiences ever collected in the Academy witnessed the performance of *La Favorita* at Saturday's matinée. Unlike most daylight performances, this one was largely attended by men—Washington's birthday and the cessation of business accounting for the fact. Miss Phillips made a decided mark in Leonora, and her singing of *O Mio Fernando* was in her best style. Sig. Brignoli, of course, moved his audience to enthusiasm in *Spirito Gentil*. The chorus on this occasion was thin and very bad, for which there was no excuse, since, being a holiday, the choristers could not be said to be busy about something more important than opera. On Monday, Mr. Pike's beautiful house—after "Wolf" had been cried a great many times—actually *did* open, and, as if in earnest of the Capuletti and Montecchi strife to come, the two opera-houses gave *Norma* on successive nights. Mad. Parepa-Rosa personated the injured virgin at Pike's, and Mad. La Grange did the like at the Academy. We reserve some "odorous comparisons" for another number.

ANGLO-SAXON LEARNING.

II.

IN 1644 Abraham Wheloc published at Cambridge the first edition of the Anglo-Saxon translation of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* and parts of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, under the title *Chronologia Anglo-Saxonica*, together with a Latin translation. This work was printed from one of the Cottonian MSS., collated with one of the Parkerian, in the library of Corpus Christi College.

About the middle of the seventeenth century a handful of Anglo-Saxon scholars arose, who gave to the study of the Anglo-Saxon a new character.

While Sir Robert Cotton was diligently engaged in his work of collecting MSS., Usher, afterward Archbishop of Armagh, was employed in a similar occupation, having been sent over to England to buy books

for Trinity College, Dublin. At first he worked in concert with Sir Thomas Bodley, who was collecting for his new library at Oxford. Shortly after he returned to Ireland; but three years later he again visited England, and was able to number Sir Robert Cotton among his friends. During his book-hunting expeditions he obtained the MSS. of a Scripture paraphrase in Anglo-Saxon, which he gave to Francis Dujon the younger, known in literature as Junius, the son of a Leyden divinity professor, and librarian to the Earl of Arundel. In 1650 this celebrated scholar left England on a visit to the Continent, and while there published, at Amsterdam, the copy of the Saxon paraphrase which he had received from Usher; nor did he hesitate to identify it as the work mentioned by Bede as the composition of Cædmon, as the title indicates, *Cædmonis Monachi Paraphrasis poetica Genesis ac præcipuarum Sacre Paginæ Historiarum, abhinc annos MLXX. Anglo-Saxonice scripta, et nunc primum edita a Francisco Junio, F.F. Amstelodami. 1655.*

It must not be forgotten, while speaking of Junius, that he labored indefatigably to revive the study of Anglo-Saxon in England. At his own expense he procured at Amsterdam, in 1654, a set of "Saxonic" types, which he brought with him upon his return, and presented in 1677 to the University of Oxford.

Hitherto, as we have seen, although through the labors of Parker, Spelman, Wheloc, and Junius some advance had been made in restoring attention to Saxon writings, yet the student had been compelled to grope out his arduous way in the dark, having no assistance at hand, and being without dictionary and without grammar. But now the darkness began to disappear, and a faint light arose to dispel the gloom in the Saxon atmosphere. In 1659 the first Saxon dictionary was published by Somner under the following title, *Dictionarium Saxonicum-Latino-Anglicum voces, phrasesque præcipuas Anglo-Saxonice, e libris, sive manuscriptis, sive typis excusis, aliisque monumentis tum publicis, tum privatis, magna diligentia collectas; cum Latina et Anglica vocum interpretatione completens. Adjectis interdum exemplis, vocum etymologiis, et cum cognatis linguis collationibus, plurimisque in gratiam linguæ Anglo-Saxonice studiosorum observationibus. Opera et studio Guliel. Somneri Cantuariensis. Fol. Oxonii. 1659.* This work, though showing an indomitable perseverance on the part of the compiler, is very imperfect and full of errors; but this is only to be expected in a first attempt, and no student can feel otherwise than grateful to Somner for this result of patient toil. In 1665 Dr. Marshall, a former pupil of Junius, from whom, doubtless, he had acquired a taste for Teutonic studies, published at Dort the second edition of the Anglo-Saxon, together with the Gothic, Gospels as given by Junius. It was a joint work of both, but printed with the types which Junius had bought at Amsterdam.

Twenty-four years later, and thirty-four after the publication of the first Saxon dictionary, appeared the first Saxon grammar, that of Dr. Hickes, in the year 1689. We learn from the preface to this work that a Saxon grammar by John Jocelin was in existence at the time, but this has never been discovered. That such a work did exist is evident from the fact that the index of it is mentioned in Wanley's *Catalogue of Saxon MSS.*; moreover, the index itself is still preserved in the Bodleian Library. In the same collection there are a few loose sheets of declensions by Marshall. But, as these are only fragmentary remains, we may consider the work of Dr. Hickes as the first Saxon grammar. It bears the following title, and is in Latin: *Institutiones Grammaticæ Anglo-Saxonice et Mæso-Gothicæ Auctore Georgio Hickesio Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Presbytero. Grammatica Islandica Runolphi Jónæ. Catalogus Librorum Septentrionalium. Accedit Edwardi Bernardi Etymologicon Britannicum. Oxonia, e theatro Sheldoniano. 1689. Typis Junianis.* It is worthy of remark that Dr. Hickes owed his taste for these studies to the influence of Dr. Marshall, rector of Lincoln College, of which Dr. Hickes was a fellow, and so indirectly to the genius of Dujon. At this time there arose in Oxford a clique of Saxon scholars, who were the brightest lights of Anglo-Saxon scholarship. In 1692 Edmund Gibson, afterward Bishop of London, published a new edition of the *Saxon Chronicle*, much enlarged, containing, in

addition to a new Latin version of the text, a preface notes, and glossarial index.

Mr. Rawlinson, in 1698, brought out the first edition of King Alfred's translation of the *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, of Boethius, the last man of genius produced by ancient Rome. It was copied from the transcript made by Junius, as the title informs us: *An. Manl. Sever. Boethii Consolationis philosophiæ Libri V. Anglo-Saxonice redditi ab Alfredo inclito Anglo-Saxonum Rege. Ad apographum Junianum expressos, edidit Christophorus Rawlinson à Collegio Regina. Oxonia, e theatro Sheldoniano MDCXCVIII. Sumptibus editoris, typis Junianis.* Upon the death of Junius, in 1677, his transcript passed, together with his other MSS., into the possession of the University of Oxford, and Mr. Rawlinson simply performed the work that, if Junius had lived, would doubtless have been accomplished by the transcriber himself.

In 1701 Mr. Benson, another member of Queen's College, issued his *Vocabularium Anglo-Saxonicum*, a work founded upon Somner's dictionary. In 1705 a new and enlarged edition of Dr. Hickes's work appeared under a new name, *Linguarum Vett. Septentrionalium Thesaurus Grammatico-Criticus et Archaeologicus*. This *Thesaurus* was rendered still more valuable by the incorporation of Mr. Humphrey Wanley's *Catalogue of Saxon Manuscripts*, preserved in the libraries, public and private, of England. The *Catalogue*, or *Liber Alter*, was one of those works the full effect of which it is difficult to overrate. It was invaluable at the period when it appeared, not merely as containing a description of MSS. and their whereabouts, but as forming a valuable book of reference, pointing out to the scholar the quantity and nature of Saxon literature which still remained in MS. In 1699 Mr. Thwaites, the third Queen's man we have had occasion to mention in connection with this era, published the first and only edition of the *Saxon Heptateuch*, following it twelve years later by a small *Saxon Grammar*.

This, as we have already said, was the brightest period of Saxon scholarship previous to the present century; but the crowning production of this age was the work of a lady. In 1715 appeared *The Rudiments of Grammar for the English-Saxon Tongue; first given in English, with an Apology for the Study of Northern Antiquities, being very useful toward the understanding our Ancient Poets and other Writers.* By Elizabeth Elstob. It was the first Saxon grammar written in English. Miss Elstob, a niece of Dr. Hickes, is also to be remembered as the translator of the Anglo-Saxon homily on the birthday of St. Gregory. This lady's grammar of the "English-Saxon tongue" is merely a compilation from the previous works of Dr. Hickes and Mr. Thwaites, and cannot lay claim to any great amount of originality with respect to the substance of the book, nor does it lay claim to any erudition beyond that possessed by the originals. And yet in one respect we deem it worthy of far higher honor than its predecessors. At a time when the majority of scholars slighted their mother tongue in favor of a corrupt Latin, Elizabeth Elstob, though a Latin scholar, put them to shame by her practical proof that pure English was better than scholastic Latin, and on this account alone we think hers the crowning production of the age.

We have now arrived at the era of the Georges—an era of comparative quiet. Already we have watched the gradual decay of pure Saxon after the Norman conquest; we have noted the ignorant indifference of the monks; we have traced the revival of Saxon studies under Archbishop Parker and his successors, and have followed the advancement in Saxon learning down to its most brilliant point—the commencement of the eighteenth century. But now a relapse takes place. The eighteenth century is as barren as the previous century was prolific in Saxonists. During this long period we find but few zealous students writing works "useful toward the understanding our ancient poets and other writers." The study of Anglo-Saxon seems gradually to have sunk into comparative oblivion, till at length it was regarded as unworthy to occupy the attention of the truly literate. The history of the country explains this neglect, but we cannot stay to examine this point. There are, however, a few notable exceptions to the above statement. In 1721 Wilkins published his edition of the

Anglo-Saxon Laws, one of the works referred to in the passage already quoted from Ingram's inaugural address. King Alfred's translation of the *Historia Ecclesiastica*, together with the original, appeared in 1722; edited by John Smith, canon of Durham. The Latin text of this edition is based upon that of the Jesuit Chifflet, but it is superior in every respect to any that had hitherto appeared. But this by the way. The Anglo-Saxon translation of the venerable Bede's work, as the reader will have remarked, had already been brought out by Wheloc in 1644. But the name of greatest note in connection with the eighteenth century is that of Edward Lye. The valuable grammar prefixed to his edition of the *Etymologicum Anglicanum* of Junius, and still more the great Anglo-Saxon dictionary of Lye and Manning, published in 1572, evince the former's acquaintance with, and critical knowledge of, the Saxon language. In 1773 appeared, for the first time, King Alfred's translation of *Orosius*, edited by Daines Barrington, the least creditably executed work that had up to this period been given to the public. One event connected with this subject, perhaps the most important of this age, was the foundation of the Anglo-Saxon professorship at Oxford in 1750. The statute creating this professorship did not come into effect till the year 1795, but when once in force the establishment of this chair may be regarded as one of the causes which led to the revival of Anglo-Saxon studies in the present century. But there were other and more immediate causes which we have now to notice. In Wanley's *Catalogue of Saxon MSS.*, which formed part of the *Thesaurus* of Dr. Hickes, we find the earliest notice we possess of that grand old Saxon epic, the *Beowulf*.

Notwithstanding this notice, in which he calls it "Tractatus nobilissimus poetice scriptus," its very existence seems to have been ignored by Saxon scholars till Mr. Sharon Turner, at the beginning of the present century, gave some extracts from it in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*. Even after the publication of this work this poem excited little or no interest, and it was not till the year 1815—more than a hundred years after the publication of Wanley's *Catalogue*—that an edition of the entire poem was given to the world by Dr. Thorkelin, a foreigner. At the latter end of the eighteenth century this celebrated Danish antiquary visited England, and while there made a transcript of the *Beowulf* from the only existing MS. in the British Museum. Upon his return to Denmark he wrote a Latin translation and commentary. The whole work was finished and ready for publication in 1807; but during the bombardment of Copenhagen the antiquary's house was destroyed and with it the MSS. results of thirty years' incessant labor. Assisted and encouraged by the Count of Sanderumgaard, Thorkelin, then a septuagenarian, returned to England and made a second transcript of the poem, which, together with a fresh Latin translation, was published in 1815 under the following title: *De Danorum Rebus gestis Secul. iii. et iv. Poema Danicum Dialecto Anglo-Saxonica. Ex Bibl. Cotton. Musaei Britan. editit, Versione Lat. et Indicibus auxit Grim. Johnson Thorkelin, Dr., etc.* In the year 1817 Erasmus Rask published, at Stockholm, his *Angelsaksisk Sproglaere, or Anglo-Saxon Grammar*—a work which, for advanced philological treatment of the subject, correctness of detail, and accuracy of the opinions expressed, cannot be too highly praised. In 1830 Mr. Thorpe translated this work into English and thus conferred a boon upon the Saxon student that can never be adequately acknowledged. Thorkelin's edition of the *Beowulf*, together with Rask's *Saxon Grammar*, may be regarded as the immediate causes of the revival of the interest in Anglo-Saxon studies which characterizes the present century. We acknowledge, though not without shame, that this second revival of Saxon learning is due to the genius of foreigners; still, we can turn proudly to the names of Thorpe and Kemble, Conybeare and Ingram, Bosworth and Wright, to show that the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons have awakened to the fact that the language and literature of their ancestors is worthy of the attention of scholars, and that they will not allow other nations, though kindred, to carry off the palm in this particular. Simply to enumerate the works upon every branch of the subject which have appeared during the past forty years would tax the reader's

patience to too great an extent, even if our space allowed it. One fact is clear. A revival of Saxon learning has taken place, and this in so thorough a manner that we venture to predict that it will not suffer another relapse. As the revival of classical learning in the fifteenth century has resulted in a masterly investigation of the history, laws, politics, and social institutions of ancient Greece and Rome, not to mention the accurate scholarship of the day which has produced these results, so we believe the time is not very far distant when boys in our schools and undergraduates in our colleges will be required to have an exact knowledge of Saxon grammar and Saxon writings, and that from these incipient scholars there will arise many a fine Saxonist to carry on the work begun by Thorpe and Kemble, until at length the history, laws, politics, and social institutions of Saxon England will be understood as thoroughly as are those of Greece and Rome. In conclusion we would submit to the authorities of our high schools and colleges the expediency of imitating the example of their English prototypes, and of establishing professorships of Anglo-Saxon independent of any other branch of philology or literature. Then and not till then shall we hope to see in our own country a greater number of educated men able to read the early constitutional and ecclesiastical history of England as they do that of the old world.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NEWTON'S CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In publishing my letter of January 20 you put an interrogation point after the sentence in which I assert that, when a projectile is discharged horizontally near the earth's surface, it will go just as far toward the earth's centre in any given number of seconds as if gravity had acted alone. The statement which you question is well calculated, at first sight, to excite the surprise and incredulity of those who have been sedulously taught from infancy to regard Newton's theories as resting on an impregnable basis of fact and demonstration; but it is true notwithstanding. The case presents a genuine *experimentum crucis*. If what I affirm be true, Newton's theory cannot but be false, and must be given up. Then, let it speedily be settled, in the clearest and most unquestionable manner, whether the affirmation is true or false.

I. I am prepared to establish the truth of the affirmation by experiments which are perfectly conclusive. Here is a simple and convenient test which any of your readers who take an interest in the matter can apply for themselves. Let a suitable board project horizontally from the top of a tall building which has a flat roof, and on the extreme end of the board place a ball in such a way that another ball in passing shall cause it to fall at the moment when the diameters of the two are in the same straight line. Roll the second ball—of the same material as the first, of course—along the board with any velocity you choose; and if your experiment is so conducted that the two balls shall quit the end of the board at the same instant, they will also strike the ground at the same instant. This shows that the impulsive force which has acted on one of the balls has not in the least counterbalanced or diminished the effect of gravity.

Again, so far as I am informed, it is neither denied nor questioned by any follower of Newton that when a cannon is fired horizontally, at any distance above the earth's surface, the ball will strike the earth in precisely the same time as if it had been dropped from the mouth of the gun. If the gun be fired from the port-hole of a ship or from the embrasure of a fort on the beach, the projectile will strike the surface of the sea at precisely the same instant as if it had fallen straight toward the earth's centre. The only possible question is as to the effect or signification of the fact; nor can there be any question as to this the moment it is remembered that, on account of the curvature of the earth's surface, the point at which the projectile strikes the surface is just as far from the centre as is the point which it would have reached in the same time if it had been dropped from the mouth of the gun. In other words, the projectile has gone just as far toward the earth's centre as if gravity had acted alone. The projectile force has not counterbalanced gravity nor diminished its effect. Consequently, a primitive projection of the planets in right lines would not counterbalance the sun's attraction, and Newton's theory fails for the want of a competent centrifugal force.

2. Allow me room for but a single point more. Newton alleges that a planet's velocity in its orbit constitutes or generates its centrifugal force. I affirm that not only is this not so, but that the allegation, when closely analyzed, involves Newton's entire theory in self-destruction. Let us see. A planet can recede from the sun only in consequence of its centrifugal forces becoming stronger than gravity. A planet can approach the sun only in consequence of gravity's being stronger than the centrifugal force. So long as the planet is receding from the sun the centrifugal force is stronger than gravity, and so long as the

planet is approaching the sun gravity is stronger than the centrifugal force. Consequently, at every point in the orbit between perihelion and aphelion the centrifugal force is stronger than gravity, and at every point between aphelion and perihelion gravity is stronger than the centrifugal force. To deny this, is to say that a given effect—to wit, the variation of the planet's distance—has occurred without a cause.

If, now, we take two points equally distant from the sun, but on opposite sides of a planet's orbit, the planet's velocity at the two points will be the same, or $v=v'$. And if the velocity is the same, the centrifugal force will be the same, or $c=c'$. For Newton says that the centrifugal force at any point varies as the square of the velocity divided by the radius of the osculating circle; and at the two points which we have taken the curvature of the orbit is the same, and consequently the radii of the osculating circles are equal. But at that one of our supposed points which the planet approaches in passing from aphelion to perihelion gravity is greater than the centrifugal force, or $g>c$; for the planet is then approaching the sun. And at the point which the planet approaches in passing from perihelion to aphelion the centrifugal force is greater than gravity, or $c'>g'$; for the planet is then receding from the sun. But if $g>c$, and $c=c'$, and $c'>g'$, then $g>g'$. That is, gravity at one point is greater than gravity at another point equally distant from the sun—which is contrary to Newton's theory, and shows it to be self-destructive.

As a matter of possible interest to those of your readers who are proficient in the calculus, I will add the somewhat bold—I trust not over-bold—affirmation that, having by Newton's hypothesis but a single independent variable, gravity, we cannot find functions of it corresponding with the precise variations of velocity and centrifugal force which the facts require. I should like to show this; but *The Round Table* might not care to publish so abstruse a discussion. However, I shall mention a single point. As a planet approaches the sun, gravity increases as the square of the distance of approach. But because the radius vector describes equal areas in equal times, the planet's velocity increases only as the distance of approach. That is, in the same curve gravity increases as the square of the velocity. Now, Newton says that the centrifugal force varies only as the square of the velocity divided by the radius of the osculating circle—which is, of course, a smaller quantity than the square of the velocity. Consequently, the centrifugal force increases more slowly than gravity—and if it is less than gravity at the aphelion, it cannot become greater than gravity at the perihelion.

THE AUTHOR OF *Prometheus in Atlantis*.

FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

DR. CRAGIN'S CRITICS AND THEIR CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: You perceive that I have fashioned my heading after the one under which you gave the doctor's last letter touching the use of *would* and *should*. Perhaps the more fitting caption would be: *G. W. E. and his Critic, Dr. Cragin*; for it will be remembered that it was the gentleman himself who figured first as a critic. The particular point which he attempted to make was that I had misquoted Junius. In my rejoinder I implied plainly a call upon him for the ground upon which he laid his charge, stating in connection that my extract from the letters of Junius was in the exact words which I found in a magazine. Now, what does he do in his answer to that call? He has not the slightest reference to it. On the contrary, he reissues, as if it were from the headquarters of the commander-in-chief of all the speakers and writers of English, his order No. 1, that Mr. Gould, I, and others whom the matter may concern, shall say *should* (when we *would* say *would*, if we *could*), or lay ourselves liable to be catalogued, under dictation of his "decidedly English literary tastes," among *vulgar Americans*. He does not, as Mr. Gould intimates, offer so much as a semblance of a reason for his order.

I had occasion, not long ago, to address Dr. Cragin upon a subject not related to that introduced into *The Round Table*. In my note I referred incidentally to the charge preferred against me, suggesting to the complainant that justice to himself, as well as fairness toward me, demanded a statement having some bearing upon the point in issue. His reply to that note is now before me; but in it there is not a syllable to show that my suggestion was observed.

So much is presented in the way of illustration of my critic's idea of *obligation* (embraced properly in his term *should*), which would seem to be of a piece with his argument, whether upon *Good English* or *Modern Spiritualism*.

Now, if I have leave, I will notice, at no greater length than seems necessary for clearness, Mr. Moon's quotation from Buttmann, in reply to me, which is this: "The idiom of language admits only of being observed; let no man ask 'Why?'"

Though I may not raise a question as to the particular point thus indicated, I do not understand that my respondent would preclude me from enquiring what an idiom is. His answer to this enquiry is that it is an idiom that *would*, in the first person, expresses *volition*, but that, in the second and third persons, it expresses simply the *future*. Who is to decide that this is so? He will not claim that his own unsupported assertion must stand for a decision; because he says: "Surely, that which exists as a rule in grammar merely in virtue of its having been laid down by some once-celebrated grammarian, is valueless." Then, again, who is to settle the law in the case? He refers, to be sure, to the

"dictates of common sense" and to the "usages of the best society." But who, if not the once-celebrated and the present well-versed grammarians and linguists, including Lindley Murray, Gould Brown, the critic himself, and Mr. Gould, make up the best society? I regard them, certainly, as among the best representatives that can be found of the class intended. Yet they fail to agree upon the cause in hearing. Murray's idiom requires the employment of the preposition of after a participial noun defined by the article the; while Mr. Moon's idiom allows him to leave the same off. The idiom of Brown and Moon does not permit the possessive case of a noun to be governed by a present participle (in certain specified examples); while that of Mr. Gould demands the possessive case for the noun, as well as for the pronoun. So that the course which is pointed out for me to pursue leads inevitably to the very interrogatory which I am forbidden to put.

Then, why is it correct to place *should*, and why incorrect to place *would*, in connection with *I* and *like*? Since the "common sense" of one portion of the best society is cancelled by that of the other portion, I am thrown for answer upon my own resources—that is, upon my own faculty to detect the various shades of meaning attached to words and phrases, the significations of the roots of which may be recognized as idioms.

Well, for an example, I will say to Mr. Moon: "You would convince me if you could." What does he decide that I mean? That he has the will or the inclination to convince me, of course. And he will admit the expression to be proper entirely. His natural response to that declaration of an inclination would be, "Yes, such is my wish;" and he would give, without a moment's hesitation, this explanatory clause—"that is, I would convince you if I could."

Now, let him supply me with phrases to be added as explanations to my sentence. Can he find any more applicable than are those which follow: "You would convince me if you could—that is, you would be glad to convince me, or you would like to convince me?" He in effect has pronounced these correct already. If they are so in that connection, what shadow of a reason can be conjured up against the bringing of their auxiliary into the first person, thus: "I would convince you—that is, I would be glad or would like to convince you?" I would smile (yes, in spite of the English command or proclaiming of an obligation that I should not) to learn of Mr. Moon's engaging in a hunt for either the shadow or its substance.

Respecting idioms in general, I will remark that it seems to me to be just as much in place to cast out old ones, which can be proved false, as it is to prevent the introduction of false new ones.

It has been seen that I have violated, a few sentences back, Brown and Moon's rule against governing the possessive case of a noun by the present participle. The editor, perhaps, will recollect that I called attention, about a year ago, to Mr. Moon's practice of making a distinction in this matter of case between a noun and the word which stands for it. My object was to prove the unsoundness of the rule by pointing out its framer's own departures from it. I am glad to find myself now a partner with so wealthy a possessor of the grammatical stock in view as Mr. Gould is.

By the way, in this passage from *The Grammar of English Grammars*: "The kitchen begins to give dreadful note of preparation . . . from the shop-maid's chopping force-meat"—which, if not *chopping*, is the "leading word in sense"? Mr. Moon agrees with Brown in saying it is *maid*. Then which is it in the latter part of the sentence reconstructed thus: "The maid's chopping of force-meat"? Surely it is the action which produces the note, whether this strikes upon the ear or the eye; hence the word which expresses the action is the leading one. Then, will it be asserted that the word, while a participle, expresses that action any less than it does when converted into a noun? Scarcely, I think. My judgement is that, in common prose, which demands precision of statement, the case of the noun should be possessive, governed by the participle; but that in poetry, which seeks vividness of expression, such as shall call the fancy into play, there is a sort of poetic license for putting as if it were the picture of the actor performing his act, altogether, in the objective case. G. W. EVELETH.

FORT FAIRFIELD, Maine, January 31, 1868.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

TIME AND TIDE.*

MR. RUSKIN'S title, as usual, has no discernable connection with the subjects of his book, for which, if we may take the liberty of suggesting, the fittest designation we can think of would have been *Cui Bono*? The subjects treated are by no means limited, as the sub-title suggests, to "the laws of work," unless we understand by that the work, in the broadest sense, which man is put into the world to do. And, for their treatment, perhaps the concisest statement is given in one of Mr. Ruskin's own sentences

**Time and Tide*, by Weave and Tyne. Twenty-five letters to a Working Man of Sunderland on the Laws of Work. By John Ruskin, LL.D. New York: John Wiley & Son. 1868.

(p. 168) which speaks of Mr. Mill as "capable of immense involuntary error," adding, with delightful naïveté, that "his involuntary errors are usually owing to his seeing only one or two of the many sides of a thing: not to obscure sight of the side he does see."

But we have no disposition to engage in the critical carping to which, in Mr. Ruskin's case, remarks of this sort have come to be the regular prelude. To make fun of this book and pick out errors in it would be one of the easiest of tasks—one so easy as to afford no incentive to undertaking it,—and we can assure any one desirous of doing a piece of "slashing" criticism and of displaying his ingenuity in the elaboration of the stock sneers which may be relied upon to elicit unthinking laughter, that here he will have to the fullest extent the advantage a little mind possesses over a great one. But to everybody worthy to read Ruskin at all the uselessness of criticism, we think, must long ago have become evident. With other writers on this class of topics it is different—Mr. Carlyle and Walt Whitman may without unfairness be encountered with such resources of raillery and retort in kind as their opponents can command; with Matthew Arnold it is a question chiefly of temerity whether to engage in a conflict of keen, cold intellect; so of Mr. Emerson, it being merely premised that you understand him. But for Mr. Ruskin it remains only to close his pages with sentiments of sorrow and of self-condemnation,—that there should be, inter-penetrating the whole fabric of society, that which forces him from the pursuits which yielded pleasure to himself and profit to us all, into a line of labor essentially foreign to his genius,—and that we, inert, give the countenance of non-resistance to that moral rottenness with which this nobler, finer spirit is contending, almost alone and thoroughly heart-sick and weary. For Mr. Ruskin *quid* political economist we have no claim to make; his writings come primarily from the heart, not from the head, and his schemes, beneficent as they are, are the schemes of the poet, and as little as possible like those of the statesman. But we know no human pages in the present or the past that testify to a truer or a purer Christian man, to a greater heart or a gentler, or one less capable of making terms with sin, or of granting to itself the ease and rest it craved while there was work for it to do. So, though we might wish some of his political opinions changed and his toleration greater, and that he were possessed of the qualities for practically ending the wrongs it is given him to see as it is given to few other men—if, indeed, the possession of both powers were compatible—though in still other respects we might wish him other than he is, yet there are so few who could endure being measured beside him, so few who, errors and all, will have left to posterity the legacy of as noble a life, that for those who dwell upon his shortcomings with the brutal pedantry of self-complacent cynicism can only be felt the contempt they labor to bring upon him, linked with a doubt whether there can be such blindness as can alone account for criticism of this kind without resort to the supposition of impatience of reproof or else of a bad heart.

By those who know Mr. Ruskin's writings on social topics the character of *Time and Tide* may be surmised much more readily than it could be fairly stated within limits greatly less than those its author has given it, and to readers who do not know Mr. Ruskin any statement would be inexplicable. The substance of it is that, loathing the materialism, grossness, sordidness of modern society; sickened by the misery and incapability to be seen on every hand, the aimlessness of all the gropings for better things, and the hopelessness of saving men from themselves—our author has sketched one of those Utopias which poets in every age have fancied, and which, while men are men, it will be given to none to see. Disgusted with the crude expedients of legislation and administration which seek only to suppress the manifestation of crime, he would do away with what seem to him the rags and scraps of social usages, and, with the comprehensiveness of a man of single purpose, would address the efforts of government to making crime impossible. "Crime can only be truly hindered," he writes, "by letting no man grow up a criminal—by taking away the will to commit sin; not by mere punishment of its commission,"—and this is to be done by education, "not the education of the intellect only, which is on some men wasted, and for others mischievous; but education of the heart, which is alike good and necessary for all." Education—for which an elaborate scheme is laid down, whose only fault is its total impracticability—is of course but the first step in a new social system. This is a more strictly paternal government than has existed since the days of the patriarchs, if even then, though

it is an aristocracy (literally—*ἀριστοκρατία*) of the feudal times, whose component parts and distribution of duties are minutely outlined. Like Mr. Carlyle, like many of those who discern on every hand evidence to satisfy them of man's incapacity for self-government, Mr. Ruskin desires a beneficent despotism. Of liberty and equality he says, "I detest the one, and deny the possibility of the other"—the latter of which, except theoretically, is affirmed by none who do not, for instance, mix familiarly with their servants, both in kitchen and parlor; while, as to the former, we need hardly say he means liberty to do wrong, one of the uses to which it is most promptly applied. This passage, which we have paused upon because it will be especially a stumbling-block and cause of offence by reason of its referring to us, the Americans, goes on to say—more clearly than, we fear, any will be found to deny—that, "as a nation, they [we] are wholly undesirous of Rest, and incapable of it; irreverent of themselves, both in the present and in the future; discontented with what they are, yet having no ideal of anything which they desire to become, as the tide of the troubled sea when it cannot rest." Mr. Ruskin's system, very rudely outlined, takes every child, educates, and teaches it some useful work, proficiency wherein is an essential preliminary to permission to marriage; provides the young couple, if poor, with an income from the state for the first seven years, or if rich, limits it; does away, by means of guilds and other organizations, with competition and other features of trade which breed dishonesty; does away in as sweeping a manner with evil features of the wages system and the rent system, with social drones of every kind; makes divers state services to be the return of the aristocracy for the tenure of land, such as officering the army, acting as judges, there being no lawyers, and the king himself being the court of ultimate appeal and petition. We need scarcely describe farther, nor need we comment further than to say that, without reading, no one has a right to make this account the foundation for pronouncing it wholly impracticable and absurd.

A fundamental error, as it seems to us, which would invalidate whatever else Mr. Ruskin might have built upon it, is that, to provide against the frailties of men by reason of the baseness of human nature, he would establish a system the first essential to whose success requires its administration throughout by such as himself—men of whom the world is not worthy, and whose existence in numbers is entirely hypothetical. Its argument aside, the book is one which must be read with pleasure, even by those who approach our author for the first time, less rhetorically exuberant perhaps than its predecessors, but in nobility and elevation of thought, in magnanimity and fervor second to none of them, though with more than an undertone of the sadness and despair of a man who ends a great fight and acknowledges that he has not won it. Though it has diverted him from the studies in which he was alone and where there is none to take its place, we are by no means sure that Mr. Ruskin's political economy, fallacious as it is, has not on the whole been our gain. Yet, as we close this his latest book, and the last but one (its continuation), he tells us, on this class of subjects, we are tempted to wish that he had had in his nature enough of self-indulgence to have dimmed his perceptions of the turpitude and wretchedness around him, and withheld him from wearing out his soul with beating against that which it was not in him successfully to assail.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.*

THE annals of the world scarcely furnish an instance of so great a benefactor to humanity, so able, so indefatigable and zealous a priest, so laborious an apostle, so ardent a promoter of the true interests of religion as Saint Vincent de Paul. His sympathy for the poor, his tenderness for the weak and oppressed of all nations and climes, his unwearied constancy and unlimited charity, and, above all, his meekness and self-abnegation, have made his name a household word among his disciples, and secured for him the deserved respect of all Christendom. He did not shut himself up in a cell to keep his soul from the temptations of pride; his humility consisted not in leading a lowly or ascetic life, but in laboring to his utmost ability, with a constant sense of the insufficiency of his labors. "In seeing him," said Fenelon, "one could believe he saw St. Paul conjuring the Corinthians by the meekness and modesty of Jesus Christ."

Shortly after his elevation to the priesthood St. Vin-

**The Spirit of St. Vincent de Paul*. By M. Andre-Joseph Assaut. New York: P. O'Shea. 1868.

cent was accidentally captured by some African pirates, and for two years he remained as a slave at Tunis, from which place he subsequently escaped, after succeeding in converting his master to the true faith. The sufferings he endured while in this position made him keenly alive to the needs of the poor galley-slaves, whom he visited both at Paris and Marseilles, and whom he found neglected, bodily and spiritually, to an extent beyond description. Appealing to Monsieur de Gondi—general of the galleys—for permission to render them spiritual and corporal assistance, the leave he required was readily granted, and St. Vincent had the satisfaction of seeing his labors crowned with success.

"Monsieur de Gondi, equally surprised and edified at the fine order Vincent had established among persons who had never known what it was before, formed a design of introducing the same by his help into all the galleys of the kingdom. He gave the king an exalted idea of the saint's capacity and zeal, and convinced him that, if the court would give the holy man the power, he would not fail to do the same good in many places. Louis the Thirteenth readily assented to a proposition so just, and by a letter patent of 8th of February, 1619, appointed Vincent general almoner or chaplain of all the galleys."

From attendance on the slaves he was called to the death-bed of the monarch, and on the thirty-second anniversary of his accession to the throne Louis the Thirteenth expired in the arms of St. Vincent, one year after the death of Cardinal Richelieu, whose firm friendship the estimable priest retained through a long period of years.

Any one of the great charitable institutions of which he was the founder would have sufficed to immortalize the name of St. Vincent; but he did not pause on the completion of one good work. The hospital of La Madeleine—a home of refuge for poor girls who were cast upon the streets of Paris—owed its origin to him. The condition of the unfortunate foundlings appealed strongly to the sympathies of St. Vincent. It was difficult, of course, to apply a remedy to a state of things which had grown out of the licentiousness and destitution of the times; but St. Vincent was never daunted by ordinary obstacles; he attempted to secure a safe asylum for these poor little innocents, and succeeded in establishing "La Maison des Enfants Trouvés," which he placed under the control of the Sisters of Charity. It is to be hoped that even at the present day the hundreds of little ones who profit by his merciful care will learn to lip his name with reverential gratitude, and that generations yet to come will appreciate the blessings of his pious labors.

The high estimation in which the saint was held by the people of France caused the Queen Mother to name him as one of her council of conscience.

"Vincent joined energy with meekness. He had no other support than his virtue, no other rule of action than his faith. He spoke the truth in the midst of the court, and never made promises which his conscience would not permit him to fulfil. He resisted the most powerful solicitations. Gratitude and affection found him equally inexorable, so that during his long life he never once said *yes* when duty obliged him to say *no*."

Monsieur de Lamoignon said of St. Vincent that no human considerations could engage him to dissemble; and Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, said in a letter to Pope Clement the Eleventh:

"The gift of discerning spirits and that of fortitude shone in the man of God to such a degree as was almost incredible; that in the councils of Anne of Austria he minded neither the hatred nor the favor of the great—only the interests of the Church."

Devoutly immersed in the service of God, St. Vincent was yet enabled to seek among the realities of life for sources of vital interest; for the exercise of that charity without which faith is destitute of life, hope has no foundation, eternity no promise. That "holy and humble elevation of heart," as St. Bernard expresses it, which enabled him to rise above what may be regarded as the most splendid dignities of the Church, that invincible courage which induced him to encounter such a variety of labors, and that firmness which enabled him to pursue the work of conversion, sprung from the spirit of love and charity which possessed him. If it be true, as St. Francis of Sales says, that man is the perfection of the universe, the mind the perfection of man, love the perfection of the mind, and charity the perfection of love, then must St. Vincent have possessed in an unusual degree the elements of human perfectibility; for his charity and love were boundless, and he well merited the title accorded to him of "*L'Intendant de la Providence, et Père des Pauvres*." Equal in usefulness and high moral purpose with his hospital for foundlings was his institution of Sisters of Charity—a society which, for active benevolence and universal benefit to mankind, has no parallel in the world's history. The rules prescribed for this order are most exact, yet not what in cloister life may be termed austere. The sisters rise at four o'clock at all seasons, drink nothing but water, except in case of sickness, watch by the sick and tend them night and day, shrink from no

contact with infection, breathe the poisonous air of pestilential chambers, and prepare the souls of death-stricken patients for their passage to eternity. The benefits of this vast and daily increasing organization extend to all quarters of the globe, whether in the homes of the poor or on the field of battle amid the dead and dying—wherever human misery needs tender sympathy and gentle ministering these pious sisters are ever found:

"Qui n'ont point de monastères que les maisons des malades, pour cellules qu'une chambre de louage, pour chapelle que l'église de leur paroisse, pour cloître que l'obéissance, pour grille que la crainte de Dieu, et pour voile qu'une sainte et exacte modestie, et cependant elles se preserver de la contagion du vice, elles font germer partout sur leurs pas la vertu."

The numerous acts of charity, the excellent institutions founded under the direction of St. Vincent, and his increasing labors in the interests of humanity would fill many volumes. He lived at a period of great public calamity, in the midst of war, pestilence, and famine, when towns and villages were devastated, and when, in Lorraine especially, horrors were enacted which find no parallel in history except such as are described to have taken place at the last siege of Jerusalem. To these wretched sufferers Vincent and his missionaries brought help and food, clothed the naked, and bore the burden of almost superhuman labor, and it is stated that by his exertions and eloquence he raised subscriptions amounting to twelve millions of francs for the relief of the inhabitants of those districts which hostile armies, fire, plague, and internal insurrection had laid waste. Nor was his work of mercy confined alone to his own country, for Madagascar, Algiers, Tunis, the Hebrides, Poland bore testimony to his untiring zeal.

The intellectual aspect of St. Vincent's character is less familiar to us because in the interests of humanity his practical labors have been so great and overshadowing, but it is impossible to recur to his letters or his conferences without being impressed with a sense of his great ability. One of the last public acts of Bossuet's life was to solicit formally at Rome the canonization of St. Vincent de Paul. In early life he had been instructed by the venerable man, and he chose this means of evincing his gratitude.

The author of the present work has performed his task in a spirit worthy of his great subject, and the translation has been conscientiously rendered by the Sisters of Charity of Mount St. Vincent. A nine days' devotion in honor of the saint appropriately completes the volume.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE conductors of *Lippincott's Magazine* seem not content to stand still at the very laudable degree of goodness which they first attained, but to aim at constant improvement. Each number hitherto, except of course the first, which labored, in that respect, under an obvious disadvantage, has been an advance on its predecessor, and, unless the editor speedily makes up his mind to stop it, he is in danger of soon having the best magazine in the country. The present number is noticeable for its nice balance of light and solid reading. *Dallas Galbraith*, which we rightly guessed to be by Mrs. Davis, becomes even more characteristic of her nervous and graphic pen; Mr. Louis Blanc contributes a thoughtful and well-written letter on European affairs, which is a considerable improvement on his, or somebody else's, first; Mr. W. Gilmore Simms tells, in somewhat florid style, with much splendor of basilisk eyes and knightly troubadours, the strange, sad story of *Chastelard*, which Mr. Swinburne had told so much better before him. Then we have three essays, more or less scientific, but all worth reading, on *Culture*, *Correlation of Force*, and *An Elastic Currency*, by Prof. J. A. Wickersham, Prof. S. H. Dickson, and Hon. Amasa Walker, respectively—the latter of whom endeavors to show why an elastic currency is undesirable and dangerous; a pleasant sketch, by Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, of *Two Alsatian Novelists* who are making considerable noise in the literary world, Erckmann-Chatrian; a pair of average stories, by Mr. L. Clarke Davis and Mr. D. B. Dorsey; a curious history of *The Fortunes of a Diamond*, wherein Mr. Albert Fabre relates how the celebrated "Moon of the Mountain" found its way into the Russian crown; and the conclusion of General Read's interesting sketch of *The Old Slate-Roof House*. In the way of poetry, we have some graceful lines by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stoddard on their *Crystal Wedding*, a sort of conjugal *Carmen Amabæum*, which is rather unique in literature, and *A Dirge* by Mr. George H. Boker, who is capable of better things. Perhaps it may be as well to mention here that the poem in the last number of *Lippincott*, entitled *Looking Seaward*, and which we thought not unworthy of the Philadelphia laureate, was, we are informed, really written by Mr. Charles A. Gardette. This time, however, Mr. Boker has no such luck, and is unworthy of himself. The author of *Kearney's Dirge* must be content to be judged severely. *The Monthly Gossip* is, though various, not particularly good, and the *Book Notices* are better than usual.

Of *Hours at Home* we have seen better numbers than the

one for March. Hardly any of the papers are above mediocrity, and more than one is decidedly below it. *The Sunday-school Muse* is a just and rather amusing protest against the insipidity and silliness of a vast majority of our Sunday-school hymns. Mr. G. M. Towle, who seems to be the great card of the number, as he enjoys the distinction of having his name misprinted in roman on the cover, while all the other contributors are condemned to the monotony of correctness and italics, sets forth with all his peculiar graceful disregard of grammar and common sense what he does not know about *Brittany and the Bretons*; Dr. Bushnell continues his interesting but perhaps the least bit commonplace papers on the *Moral Uses of Dark Things*; Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth collects, under the head of *Insanity and Usefulness*, some curious instances of literary labor performed in the midst of mental aberration. Miss Mary L. Booth begins the translation of a story by Madame de Gasparin, entitled *Camille*, which gives promise of interest; Rev. C. S. Robinson tells us why he objects to *Spiritual Dreaming*; under the head of *Representative Cities* Prof. W. S. Tyler favors us with an account of Constantinople from the creation of the world to the present day, which explains "Stamboul" or "Istambol" to be a corruption of *Elis tîpî polîn*, "Into the City;" *Science and Faith* is another well-meant attempt, by Dr. Gillett, to reconcile the two; *Motley's History of the Netherlands* is somewhat partially reviewed and freely quoted from, and *The Chaplet of Pearls* makes its readers happy with two more chapters full of mystery and massacre. The muses are represented by Dr. Philip Schaff in a translation of *Bethlehem and Golgotha* from the German of Frederik Rückert, by Miss Josephine Pollard in some rather pretty verses entitled *At Eventide*, and by the author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Chronicle* in some unremarkable metrical morality about *Closing the Ranks*, which is oddly announced to be printed from the author's MS. Altogether we find the March number of this usually excellent magazine quite unsatisfactory, indeed very little short of being dull. But then editors are mortal, after all, and can't be always at their level best; so we trust that this falling-off is only temporary, and shall look to renew acquaintance in the next number of *Hours at Home* with all the vivacity that formerly delighted us. We hope, too, to find evidences of more careful proof-reading than the present number exhibits.

The Catholic World for March comes closer to our notion of what a popular magazine should be than the number for February. Even polemics are made agreeable in the good-tempered paper entitled *Canada Thistles*, which disposes of some very silly, but not at all uncommon, charges against the Roman Catholic Church, and bestows in passing some well-merited backhanders on *The Free-will Baptist Quarterly*, *The Churchman*, and *The Observer*. Beside this there is but one other article which can be called strictly religious, a disquisition on *The Church and Her Attributes*, and one politico-religious on *Affairs in Italy*, which are discussed from a Catholic stand-point. Of general literature this time there is abundance. *The Story of a Conscript*, which it seems, by the way, almost time to credit to its French authors, Erckmann-Chatrian, is continued and becomes exciting with wars and rumors of wars. *Magas, or Long Ago*, drags its slow length along through three more chapters, and there are three short stories more or less interesting and clever—*The Rival Composers*, from the German; *The Double Marriage*, from *The Diary of a Sister of Mercy*; and an original one, *What Dr. Marks Died of*. Then in the way of reviews we have a rather tart one of Dr. Lord's *Old Roman World*, a fair one of Mr. John Francis Maguire's *Irish in America*, and *apropos* of Mr. Arthur Helps's *Life of Las Casas*, which is handled without gloves, an enquiry into the truth of the historical charge of inconsistency against "the Apostle of the Indies" in recommending negro slavery while fighting for Indian emancipation. The poetry of the number is rather *Catholic World*-ly, the best being Aubrey De Vere's pretty poem, *Abcondita*. We are sorry to learn from Father Hecker's circular that the support given to his magazine by the Catholic population is not as earnest or general as it should be. *The Catholic World* is the first successful or intelligent attempt to establish in this country a really first-class Catholic magazine, and we know of no excuse which members of its faith rich enough to afford the subscription can find for neglecting an obvious duty.

Putnam's for March offers great variety and is commendably noticeable for the absence of the political disquisition which displeased many in former numbers. As a matter of business judgement, we think some of the articles in the March *Putnam* a little too extended, but the finger of the proprietor has been on the pulse of his public a long time, and it is reasonable to suppose that he knows the magnitude as well as the nature of the doses that public requires. If to be very widely quoted by the contemporaneous press is good evidence, as we should say it was, of general acceptance, the present issue of *Putnam's* will certainly not lag behind its predecessors. There are certain little details of mechanical execution about this favorite magazine which, insignificant as they may seem, are constantly adding to its popularity; the leaves are always cut, the paper is always firm and white, the type always beautifully clear; "trifles," indeed, but oftentimes "confirmations strong" to the doubtful purchaser who pauses to make selection at a ferry or railway station. We are glad to hear that the demand for *Putnam's* is steadily maintained, and that it may be regarded in all respects as successfully re-established.

The January number of *The Month*, which we have just received, fully sustains the reputation of this ably-edited Catholic magazine. The paper entitled *Cavaliere de Rossi on the History of St. Callistus* is the beginning of what bids fair to be a very interesting examination of the charges against that pope and martyr in the *Philosophumena* usually, but, according to the *Cavaliere*, wrongly attributed to Origen. *Memoirs of an Emigré Officer* gives an entertaining synopsis of the *Souvenirs et Correspondance du Comte de Neuilly*, who witnessed, a mere boy, that famous and terrible interview of Marie Antoinette with the furious mob which Madame Ristori has made so vividly real to us, and served with the Dutch and Austrian armies against the republic and the empire. A letter on the *Proceedings of Certain Westminster Magistrates* is a caustic protest against the iniquity practised by the visiting justices of Tothill Fields jail of attempting "to compel, by the torment of cold, of silence, of loneliness, and by many other petty aggravations, two hundred imprisoned Catholic women to attend the ministrations of the Protestant chaplains." "Permissive bills" are denounced, and the suggestion made that "if ever we submit again to hear that Parliament is kindly preparing another permissive bill to empower justices to be just to the Irish Catholic prisoners, we ought at least beseech our law-givers to grant at the same time permissive bills allowing our milkmen to pour no water into their cans, our West End tailors to give clothes for nothing, Mr. Whalley to make no speeches, the Ritualists to use no incense, and the Dean of Westminster and Dr. Tait to resign their dignities in order to become Papal Zouaves"—a stroke of satire which some of us over here might understand. *Eudoxia: A Picture of the Fifth Century*, opens less stupidly than the majority of fictions of its class; *The Church Property in Ireland* is a thoughtful discursus on the present anomalous ecclesiastical condition of that country, and *Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America* are graphic and amusing. A *Narrative of the Days of Persecution* is continued and some *Chapters on Casuistry*, which, though not intensely attractive to the general reader, are well and clearly written, conclude the prose contents of a valuable number. *Look Up and Speak to Me* is the title of a pretty poem. The book reviews, under the head of *Our Library Table*, seem well considered and fair. Altogether, the number is one to reward perusal, and worthily represents the educated Roman Catholic sentiment of England.

The New Eclectic is fairly carrying out its opening promise to give solidly able and carefully selected articles. We observe that in the March number the conductors have thought it wise to give liberal instalments of fiction. Some may object to this, but, after all, the business side of such an undertaking must be regarded as well as its æsthetic one. It is very, very rare that any periodical literary work can be made really useful until it first is made to pay; and people of common sense should take this into consideration in judging all efforts of the kind. We wish *The New Eclectic* abundant encouragement in a work whose success will have the result to place the best thought and most catholic teachings of the highest intellects of our day before a greater number of uninstructed minds than are at present able to profit by them. If the people are unable or unwilling to sustain purely original work of indigenous growth, the next best thing perhaps is to give them at a low price the best fruits that can be borrowed from abroad.

The Northern Monthly has two interesting articles—one of them able. The first is on Benjamin Lundy, and leaves little doubt of his claim to the honor—such as it may be—of having been the first abolitionist, and more than that, a sincere and earnest man—which some may think a higher title. The able one is the *Farewell of the Fig-leaves*—the most forcible and in all the best discussion we have seen of the degeneracy and immodesty of our women in the matter of dress—or want of dress. The subject is peculiarly delicate and dangerous, because the slightest imprudence in handling it reacts with such fatal force, and the author has succeeded in being very bold, always strong, and seldom injudicious. We wish we could admire the English of a man who says "impartation" and "appendary," as we do the talent and tact of his article. At any rate, the editor has very carelessly put this *Farewell of the Fig-leaves* where it completely blots out and overshadows another much too similar article on *The Ballet as a Social Evil*, which otherwise would have made quite a creditable figure. The only other thing worth noting suggests itself *apropos* of another interminable screed called *Who Wrote Rock Me to Sleep?* which we shudder to say we think we have seen before; a fair sample of commonplace partisan literature, beginning, like all of the kind, with an effort to seem fair, and ending by mistaking scurrility for severity. Its suggestiveness lies in its being so obviously of New Jersey growth, and so probably from the neighborhood of the author's esteemed fellow-citizen, etc., Mr. Ball. Doubtless it was kindly meant to serve him, and seems most likely to succeed by thoroughly wearying every one of the subject. It is the most marked of many signs all through this number, pointing to a disproportionate amount of New Jersey influence. If the intention be to make this periodical a mere local and state organ, we cannot commend the editorial sagacity, and our very favorable experience hitherto of *The Northern Monthly* makes us fain to believe these temporary symptoms. New Jersey is a great state, a very great state, and—to compatriots of Commodore Stockton and some others, a very interesting state; but we do hope this magazine will not

drift altogether from the high seas into Newark Bay, nor waste all its elements of almost assured popularity and success on the strange lands of Camden and Amboy.

The Galaxy shines dimly this March. (It is March now by the literary calendar, which is a sort of anti-Gregorian one, about as much ahead of us as the Czar is behind.) *Steven Lawrence, Yeoman*, still goes on. We suppose the correct thing to say, judging by other reviews we see, is that it increases in interest; therefore it increases in interest. A nicely written article is *Some Celebrated Shrews*, signed Frank W. Ballard, which combines, with a good deal of pleasant information given in a style of a certain natural liveliness we like, many successful, and many more less successful, attempts at verbal felicities. Mr. Richard Grant White's *Words and their Uses* is instructive and able. This gentleman's *Galaxy* papers gain in effect by their, to say sooth, frequently callow surroundings. *Elder Knapp, the Revivalist*, for the sort of people who like that sort of thing, we should think would be just the sort of thing that sort of people would like. Edward Rowland Sill's *Semele* is among the best poems of a young author whom, after no little wading through recent poetry, we regard as the most promising and polished, since poor John A. Dorgan died, of all our new aspirants; only, as it is published in full in his late volume, we are surprised to see it reappear without any explanation in the professedly original *Galaxy*. How is this? Is it an oversight, or a hoax, or a new precedent? But the article, or thing, of ill pre-eminence in this number is the strange medley called *The Ballad of Sir Ball*, a burlesque on the late event which has convulsed all Jersey—Mr. A. M. W. Ball's supposed theft of poor Mrs. Akers-Allen's supposed poem of *Rock Me to Sleep*. We always detested this theft-subject for the abominable ill-taste claimed to have been shown in the selection of something to steal. The *Ballad* is such a flower as might be expected of such a soil—a rather clever, rather rollicking piece of craziness that well illustrates how smart a man it takes to make a first-class foolish one. But if we are correctly informed of its authorship, it is not only foolish and offensively personal, but the most outrageous piece of ill-taste we have ever met with in a magazine of standing. We only hope, for the sake of his literary character, that the "Sir Doubleyou" of the ballad and the "W." of the author are not identical. As it is currently so stated, the author of those *Times* articles ought to make haste to repel the appearance of being the most shameless self-praiser and most scurrilous controversialist of the day. By all means, if he would build up any reputation for honesty in letters, let him disclaim this botched piece of carpenter-work. Of the remainder of this number we say nothing, because our commonplaces are too precious, and had better be reserved for some number with nothing at all specially worth talking about.

The Edinburgh Review, for January, as reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, is an excellent number. There are two articles which, different as they are in character, will be read here with vivid interest. One is about oysters (*Oysters and the Oyster Fisheries*), and the other (*Two Per Cent.*) is about finance. The latter was written by the rapidly rising Mr. Göschel, a fact which will enhance the curiosity with which it will be read. A highly interesting review of Parkes's *Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis*, as completed and edited by Mr. Merivale, is not the least attractive article in this number. The conclusion arrived at on the point which everybody is most intensely interested in—chiefly, we suppose, because any trustworthy conclusion is impossible—we give in the final words of the reviewer:

"We feel it our duty to express our gratitude for the industry with which Mr. Parkes collected such a mass of information respecting the life of a man who, whether he was or was not Junius, was one of the most distinguished Englishmen of the last century. We acknowledge also a deeper debt to the gifted member of a gifted family, whose discriminating and scholar-like pen has shed light, life, and interest over materials almost repulsive in their bulk; though we cannot hope that even Mr. Merivale's verdict has set the question of the authorship of Junius at rest for ever. While these sheets are passing through the press, we have received an able pamphlet, published by Mr. Hayward, under the title, *More about Junius*, in which that acute and accomplished critic arrives at a conclusion diametrically opposed to that of Mr. Merivale. But, considering the research and ingenuity which Mr. Hayward has brought to bear on the question, we are surprised to find that so little can be said to shake the belief in the authorship of Sir Philip Francis. Every detail of his life has been carefully sifted day by day; and if it be true, on the one hand, that no direct and positive proof of his connection with the letters of Junius can be produced, it is equally true that no single fact or incident can be named which is positively incompatible with it. One such fact would be conclusive, and would outweigh a mountain of inferences and conjectures. But while a multitude of circumstances lead to an affirmative presumption, we do not find any insurmountable obstacle or argument to rebut it. If the same test be applied to all the other persons who have been named, they vanish one by one. Sir Philip Francis alone appears to us to support that ordeal."

The article which will attract most attention in the January *Westminster* is the one entitled *Dangers of Democracy*. We are unable in present limits fittingly to discuss so extensive a subject, but will observe that a first and perhaps rather cursory reading of the article has disappointed us. It is cloudy and complicated. Such topics, above all at the present day, even if treated for scholars, should be treated in clear, terse, and direct terms. Neither of the adjectives seems to us applicable to the article in question. There are two scientific papers of value in this number, namely, *Physiological Psychology* and *The Origin of Electricity*. *The Abyssinian Difficulty* is a clear exposition of a prominent subject, and *Extradition* is as important to Americans as to Englishmen. *Indian Worthies* is a review of Kaye's valu-

able work, and *The Church in Scotland, Two Temporal Powers*, and *The Land Tenures of British India* complete the list of principal articles. We are somewhat surprised to find in the Belles-Lettres department of *The Westminster* the following curious opinion: "And here we may take occasion to call attention to the new edition of *Vanity Fair*, which is brought out in its original form, with the original illustrations, at a remarkably cheap price. It is, perhaps, the only novel, with the exception of *Romola*, which is likely to endure as long as the English language." The italics are our own. We have certainly a great admiration for Thackeray's masterpiece, and—although heaven forefend we should try to read it again!—a great respect for *Romola*; but surely such a dictum as this of the reviewer's is an absurd exaggeration. These "perhaps" and "ifs" of the London press are becoming frequent and suspicious of late, and suggest a little investigation to discover their animus. We should be glad if any well-informed person could tell us what connection exists between Mr. G. H. Lewes and the editorial chair of *The Westminster Review*.

The People's Magazine. London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Pott & Amery.—This is one of the many attempts that are now being made to meet the wants of earnest and thoughtful people, who desire that even their lightest reading should suggest some rational ideas or pleasantly convey some information. Most of the papers in *The People's Magazine* do one or both very agreeably, and the general tone of the publication, though religious, is not controversial. An article on physiology treats of the important subject in a manner calculated to have the desirable effect of interesting young people in it. One about heraldry renders a very confusing matter both clear and attractive; and there is a most touching account of the life and death of an unfortunate walrus, who was captured in Davis's Straits and brought to the Zoological Gardens, London, where he died apparently because his guardians were ignorant of the physiological laws which regulate the interior economy of walruses. The serial entitled *Contrasts* is perhaps rather oppressively full of earnestness and high moral purpose, but the instalment of a story called *Without a Character* is very nicely written. *Home Thoughts for Working-Women* is more suited to English than American readers, so also is the *Costermonger's Donkey*. With these exceptions, the magazine is admirably adapted to supply a need equally felt on both sides of the Atlantic—namely, Sunday reading neither secular nor sectarian.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE VISION; or, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Dante Alighieri. Translated by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A.M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.—No one who has seen the dainty *Globe Edition* of the Bulwer novels, which the Messrs. Lippincott have for some time been giving us, will fail to learn with pleasure that this volume, precisely similar to them in style and in surprising cheapness, is the first of a series of *Globe* poetical classics—the volumes still to come being Tasso, Scott, Burns, Milton, *Hudibras*, Cowper, Campbell, and Pope. For the translation, the half-century and more that it has been before the public has ensured it a position of its own from which it will hardly be dislodged by the more poetic versions of recent date, and the same may be said of the illustrations by Flaxman, which will at least not be cast aside because of Doré's much more elaborate and carnal engravings to the *Inferno*. The publishers and the public are alike to be congratulated on this handsome and inexpensive library, which we should be glad to see extended much further than is now proposed.

The Roman Catholic Church and Free Thought: A Controversy between Archbishop Purcell and Rev. Thomas Vickers (Unitarian Minister). Cincinnati, 1868.—The combatants here are pretty fairly matched, and they have not run into more personalities and criminations than are usual in such controversies. Mr. Vickers succeeds in showing divers mistakes and inconsistencies of the archbishop; the archbishop takes at first a high tone which he is hardly able to maintain. But it is something to hear a Roman Catholic archbishop speak in favor of freedom of speech, and of the separation of church and state, even though he may have some reservation in the background, and not agree in terms with the *Encyclical Letter and Syllabus of Errors of Pius IX.*, 1864, which is reprinted with a translation in the appendix to this pamphlet.

Readings for Every Day in Lent. Compiled from the Writings of Bishop Jeremy Taylor. By the Author of *Amy Herbert*, etc. New York: H. B. Durand. 1867.—This reimpression of a favorite series of Lent readings is appropriate to the season, and will be welcomed not only by "the young persons" for whom Miss Sewell says it was designed, but by all who admire the stately periods, affluent imagination, and spiritual insight of Jeremy Taylor. Comparatively little has been taken from his *Golden Grove*, or from the *Holy Living and Dying*, as these works are so well known; but a wide range for selection was still left, which has been used with good judgement. The volume is well got up, and is a fit one for a gift book.

Explanations of the Church Service, with Questions for Use of Sunday-schools. By A. T. New York: Durand. 1868.—The author wishes that this work may be to children what Bishop Cox's *Thoughts on the Services* are to older people. It contains explanations and reflections upon

the lessons, collects, epistles, and gospels of the Prayer-book, written with care and simplicity. The headings on the chapters, the initial letters, etc., are well executed.

Church Manual. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.—This is a manual for the [Dutch] Reformed Church of Tarrytown, prepared by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Thompson, and issued in handsome style, with red rubrics and lines, prayers, a few hymns and psalms, with the music. It is such a liturgy as is in harmony with the old usages of the Reformed churches.

Ecce Ecclesia: An Essay showing the Essential Identity of the Church in all Ages. New York: Blelock & Co. 1868.—Another "Ecce!"—this time a native product, though anonymous. The object of the ardent and somewhat polemic writer is to confute those who make an antagonism between the Jewish and the Christian Church. Incidentally he takes up the defence of the Jewish race, claiming that they "were—perhaps a full half of them—the most noble, pious, and magnanimous Christians that ever lived; that they were the great friends and propagators of Christianity." That is, those of them who were converted were so, which nobody disputes. It strikes us that the writer has unconsciously misunderstood those whom he thinks he is opposing, and magnified the difference between himself and them. That the Church under both dispensations is essentially one is not doubted. That the Jews enjoyed the full light of Christianity before Christ came can hardly be claimed. That the Jewish system was one of types and shadows awaiting its fulfilment is the plain teaching of the New Testament. That in the New Testament we have in a higher and more spiritual form what was only adumbrated in the Old hardly any will deny. The ancient maxim, that "the New Testament is veiled in the Old, and the Old Testament is revealed in the New," covers the ground. Still, many forcible things are here said which may lead some minds to a higher veneration for the ancient and preparatory dispensation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- MOORE, WILSTACH & BALDWIN, Cincinnati.—Ohio in the War: Her Statesmen, Her Generals and Soldiers. By Whitelaw Reid. In 2 vols. Vol. I, pp. 1,050. Vol. II, pp. 949. 1868.
GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston.—References to the Principal Works in Every Department of Religious Literature. By Howard Malcom, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 483. 1868.
D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—The Elements of Physiology and Hygiene: A Text-book for Educational Institutions. By Thomas H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S., and William J. Youmans, M.D. Illustrated. Pp. x, 420. 1868.
KELLY & PIET, Baltimore.—Beechbrook: A Rhyme of the War. By M. J. Preston. Seventh edition. Pp. 105. 1868.
A. S. BARNES & CO., New York.—The Readable Dictionary, or Topical and Synonymic Lexicon. Classified by subjects, etc., etc. For the use of schools and private students. By John Williams, A.M. 1868.
A Summary of English and of French History. Pp. 33. 1868.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—The Science of Knowledge. By J. G. Fichte. Translated from the German by A. E. Kroeger. (For sale in New York by James Miller.) 1868.
Spiritual Wives. By William Hepworth Dixon, author of New America, etc.
The History of the Kings of Rome. By Thomas H. Dyer, LL.D. Pp. cxxxv, 446. 1868.
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—My Son's Wife. By the author of Caste, Mr. Arle, etc., etc. Pp. 437.
Sketches by Bos. People's edition. Pp. 581. 1868.
M. DOOLADY, New York.—The Diddler. By A. E. Senter. Pp. xii, 40. 1868.
MOORHEAD, SIMPSON & BOND, New York.—On Chronic Alcoholic Intoxication. By W. Marcet, M.D., F.R.S. Pp. xvi, 178. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

- T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—Old Curiosity Shop. By Charles Dickens.
Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott.
CASSILL, PETTER & GALPIN, London and New York.—The Holy Bible. With illustrations by Gustave Doré. Part XXIV. Cassell's Illustrated Book of Fables. La Fontaine. With illustrations by Gustave Doré. Part IX.
WM. V. SPENCER, Boston.—The Social and Political Dependence of Woman. 1868.
D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Waverley.—By Sir Walter Scott. Pp. 204.
BLOCH & CO., Cincinnati.—The American Hebrew Primer. By L. Ansfreht. Pp. 30.
BLELOCK & CO., New York.—Thorn-fruit: A Novel. By Clifford Lanier. Pp. 116.
Our Form of Government and the Problems of the Future. By A. E. Kroeger.
We have also received current numbers of The Galaxy, Putnam's Magazine, The Catholic World, The Riverside Magazine, Hours at Home, The Old Guard, Mme. Demorest's Young America, The Monthly Photographic Magazine, The Edinburgh Review (reprint)—New York; The Art Journal, Good Words, The Sunday Magazine, Routledge's Magazine for Boys, The Broadway—London and New York; Morgan's British Trade Journal—London; The Congregational Review, The Atlantic Monthly—Boston; The Philadelphia Photographer, Lippincott's Magazine—Philadelphia; The New Eclectic—Baltimore; The Yale Literary Magazine—New Haven; The New Dominion Monthly—Montreal; The Sunday-school Teacher—Chicago.

FINANCIAL.

THE PUBLIC DEBT AND CURRENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The following questions, put by the president of one of our city national banks, I have endeavored to answer with substantial accuracy. The matter may interest your readers.

1. What nations have ever made their public debt a currency?

Perhaps the first attempt to resort to bills of credit was made by the Netherlands in the latter half of the sixteenth century, during their desperate struggle with the Spanish crown for independence. They issued "money of paper, of leather, and of many other materials." I have not been able to learn the details of the history of this experiment. It had commonly been the practice of sovereigns to debase their coin to meet an emergency, but I do not know of any attempt to issue bills of credit, properly so-called, previous to this.

The next account of the issue of bills of credit which I notice was in France, and unjustly ascribed to John Law. This person established a bank in France in 1716, and issued notes inscribed as follows: "The Bank promises to pay bearer at sight—livres in money of the same weight and standard as the money of this day. Value received at Paris." The bank paid its notes regularly on demand, and matters went on well till 1719, when the Regent took the management of the bank into his own hands, calling it the Royal Bank. The notes were then altered to this form: "The Bank promises to pay bearer at sight—livres in silver coin. Value received at Paris." It will be observed that the first note promised a given weight of silver; the second, only a given number of what the king might choose to denominate livres. Law opposed this change, but without avail.

The next issue of paper money (or bills of credit) noticed was by the American colonies, before their separation from England. Nearly all the colonies, or provinces, issued this money, and in Rhode Island it became so depreciated in 1759 that it required £2,300 of paper to buy £100 of silver. This provincial currency continued depreciated till, shortly after the battle of Lexington, the Continental Congress issued bills of credit, and in 1780 they also became depreciated, so that a thousand dollars in paper were offered for one in silver. Finally, the whole mass of provincial and continental money became valueless.

The second experiment in France, and the greatest in history, took place when the revolutionary government issued its *assignats*. They first purported to be payable at sight, not in silver, but in the "national domains." They were then changed so that they no longer purported to be payable at sight; but this was unimportant, because they never had been paid. The paper read thus: "National domains. Assignat of one hundred francs." This paper depreciated so that one hundred francs could not buy a square inch of land. Finally, *mandats* were substituted in exchange for *assignats* at the rate of thirty of the latter for one of the former; but these soon became valueless owing to the vast amount of *assignats* issued, and by a spasmodic effort both the government and the people reverted to a specie currency. "The final result of the experiment in France, as in America, was that, through the depreciation of the currency, the people paid a very heavy tax for the success of the Revolution—a tax somewhat irregularly and unequally imposed, but yet approaching as near to equity as could be expected from any public measure which had its birth in the exigencies and turmoil of a great civil war."

I do not notice the financial experience of England from 1797 to 1821 because she did not issue paper money, properly so-called. I shall speak of this hereafter. Russia, Austria, Italy, and Brazil now have paper money, or inconvertible bank-paper, in circulation, the result of which is still pending. It may be observed, however, that whenever a government, not being engaged in a civil war for its existence, resorts to issues of paper money, it is indubitable evidence of its own weakness, or the impoverishment of its resources and people; perhaps both. In the case of a civil war of a serious character the issue of paper money may be regarded as inevitable, and in this respect paper money is peculiarly a revolutionary currency.

2. What was the practical result of making the public debt a currency?

So far as I know, the uniform consequence of the issue of paper money in a considerable quantity has been the ultimate worthlessness of such a currency, together with individual, corporate, and national bankruptcy. I believe there is no instance in history where a government issuing paper money for currency has ever been able to contract such a currency or to fund it, or to redeem it dollar for dollar. It is probably impossible to dispose of such a currency by contraction. In order to contract a currency, it is necessary to maintain a revenue in excess of expenditure; but the very process of contraction prostrates industry, which is the only source of revenue. Nor does it seem possible to fund such a currency, for the very process of funding would force down the value of bonds as well as prostrate industry, and cause general bankruptcy as the currency appreciated in value, so that the government would either have to issue more paper money, or borrow to meet the deficit, until the interest became insupportable. Funding is more onerous than contracting. The debtor classes cannot suffer either without ruin, and under a popular form of government they probably will not, as indeed they ought not, to submit to any measure that would reduce themselves to beggary. An absolute ruler might attempt such a measure at the risk of a revolution, but it cannot probably be carried out under a government of the people. The public debt of a nation can never perform the proper functions of a currency; but it need not depreciate unless issued in excess, though, unfortunately, it always has been issued in excess. "Mere government paper," said Mr. Webster, "not payable otherwise than by being received for taxes, has no pretence to be called a currency." And, finally, the practical result of the extensive use of paper money has been to all nations thus far in the history of the world, that they have been at last "overwhelmed with" (to use the language of Webster) "irredeemable paper, mere paper—representing not gold nor silver, representing nothing but broken promises, bad faith, bankrupt corporations, cheated creditors, and a ruined people!" Such is history.

I said I would speak particularly of England's experience, and will remark that England was engaged in foreign war

from 1793 to 1815, except for a brief interval during the peace of Amiens, and did not issue bills of credit. But, owing to causes which it is not necessary to detail here, a run took place on the Bank of England till, on "Saturday, the 25th of February, 1797, she had only £1,272,000 of cash and bullion in her coffers, with every prospect of a violent run taking place on the following Monday. In this emergency an order in council was issued on Sunday, the 26th, prohibiting the directors from paying their notes in cash until the sense of Parliament had been taken on the subject. And after Parliament met, and the subject had been much discussed, it was agreed to continue the restriction till six months after the signature of a definitive treaty of peace." This restriction really continued for several years after the peace. In the meantime, country banks of issue increased from 280 in number in 1797 to more than 900 in 1813. The Bank of England paper reached its greatest average annual depreciation in 1814, when it was depreciated to the extent of £25 2s. 6d. per cent., or equal to £74 17s. 6d. in cash for £100 in paper. But this depreciation was mostly owing to the large quantity of country bank paper out. And in 1814, 1815, and 1816 240 banks stopped payment from causes partly fortuitous, creating "an universality of wretchedness and misery which had never been equalled except, perhaps, by the breaking-up of the Mississippi scheme in France." "Thousands upon thousands," says Mr. McCulloch, "who had, in 1812, considered themselves affluent, found they were destitute of all real property; and sunk, as if by enchantment, and without any fault of their own, into the abyss of poverty." It was, then, the destruction of this country bank paper which created a new channel for the circulation of the Bank of England paper, thereby raising the value of the latter in 1817 nearly to a par with gold, that facilitated the resumption of cash payments in England. And in 1819 Peel's act removed, prospectively, the restriction on cash payments. It is quite obvious that no similar proceeding can take place here, for two reasons. First, though all our banks should fail, the government is responsible for the circulation, and it could not be retired except by the substitution of legal-tenders to an equal amount. Second, our currency is much more depreciated than was that of England. The premium on gold does not indicate, except to a comparatively small degree, the actual depreciation of our currency. The average wages of labor mark the depreciation more correctly, and if the country were prosperous, and a quick demand for labor existed, the wages of labor would be higher than they now are, and would mark still more accurately the real depreciation of the currency. Perhaps the fact that our currency is more than three times as great in volume as it was when it became inconvertible in 1857, affords an approximate idea of its real depreciation. The value of the currency in gold is its price. Its value estimated against commodities generally, especially labor, is its real exchangeable value.

3. What is the present condition of those nations who are so using their public debt?

The condition of such nations is that their credit is feeble, or their governments weak and their national existence precarious, or their revenues impaired and their people impoverished. In some instances all these features are marked in one nation, and the probable consequence is the final overthrow of the government and dismemberment of the debt, as the only alternative by which the people can exist.

S. A. P.

TABLE-TALK.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT is being discussed by the newspapers in a manner which shows the prevalence of such misconception of its purpose and probable effects as amply to account for the general indisposition to give it patient consideration. On the more important of these it is our purpose to dwell at an early day; meanwhile we wish to call attention to a serious blunder in the act reported to Congress by the House committee to whom the subject has been referred. According to the published Congressional proceedings,

"The second section provides that the privileges of copyrights shall not be extended to republications in the United States, unless all the editions of such publication be wholly manufactured in the United States, and be issued for sale by publishers who are United States citizens."

The wisdom of the last stipulation seems to us more than questionable, and we have no doubt that in a very short time there would be a general demand for its abrogation; but it is perhaps as well to let it stand in deference to the apprehensions loudly expressed in some quarters that the copyrights of valuable foreign works would be held exclusively by branch houses of foreign publishing firms established in this country for the purpose. The other "protective" clause, however, is wholly unreasonable. One of the most formidable arguments of the anti-copyrightists—though, we believe, one of the least tenable—has been that the copyright would enhance the cost of books, and here, in what is meant to be a sop to propitiate this Cerberus, is a provision which can have no other effect. By this the whole mechanical labor of book-making must be done twice, and the not less than double cost so entailed must be borne by the purchasers. The absurdity of the thing would be obvious if it were proposed to enact that in every foundry a new pattern should be made for each new casting, however many had been made from a precisely similar mould, or that every engineer should construct his own logarithms before he proceeded to employ them in calculation. The fact is that labor, time, and material are employed to create that which

is already created, and the money thus unnecessarily expended is as absolutely lost as if it had been put into a house and the house burned down. This, however, is merely an exemplification of the "protective" theory of political economy—if it should not rather be called political waste. But we hope one aspect of the matter will not be overlooked—that, while those works which are sure of large circulation and least need protection can bear this double expense in their production, those which it is the true duty of governments to favor and encourage will be hopelessly suppressed by it. An example in point is before us. Mrs. Caroline H. Dall writes to *The Christian Register* of last week that she has made an abridgement of Bunsen's great work. The value of his theories in Egyptian and Hebrew chronology needs not to be insisted upon, but the cost of the original work is \$70, and the number of people who would read it, either in its full shape or a reduced one, is small, though the benefit of making it accessible would be universal. On this abridgement Mrs. Dall has been at work for three years; she is willing to give her time, her publishers to give their labor, but, meanwhile, there is an actual money outlay for the cost of printing, which is estimated at \$100 per hundred copies, beside whatever should be spent in advertising and distributing. Now, in many cases like this, it would be prudent to assume the risk of the preliminary outlay, if there were the prospect of its repayment by the readers of both countries; but if there be demanded that the cost be incurred in each of them, there is almost a certainty that it cannot be met, and so the world loses the book. On all books which appeal immediately to the few, but to the few who will transmit their benefits to the many, this double and unnecessary outlay will operate as a prohibitory tax, except in cases where the author is willing "for love" to work at his own cost, and even in the case of the most popular books there is a superfluous tax which profits nobody and which burdens every buyer. In behalf of all who desire books which, by their nature, must be rare—books which only public libraries and scholars will demand, and which can be made if dependence can be placed upon a constituency on either side, but not if they have but one country to rely upon—we hope this most illiberal proposition will be reconsidered.

Mr. W. I. POOLEY is about to publish a revised and improved edition of Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland's *Sketch-Book of Meister Karl*. A French translation of the work—we are told by a writer in *Forney's Weekly Press*, apparently Dr. Mackenzie—was undertaken by the accomplished Mme. Anita de Barrera, but ended by her death. There is also now published a note written by Washington Irving, on the appearance of the book a dozen years ago, commendatory

of "its raciness, its quaint erudition, its graphic delineations, its veins of genuine poetry and true Ravel's [? Rabelais?] humor," and describing it as "a choice book to have at hand for a relishing morsel occasionally, like a Stilton cheese or a *pâté de foie gras*."

MESSRS. CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, of Philadelphia, are to be added to the list of leading American publishing houses. The members of the firm—Messrs. George Remsen, Edmund Claxton, and Charles C. Haffelfinger—have been connected respectively for 40, 37, and 26 years with the house of Grigg, Elliot, & Co., and afterward with its successors, J. B. Lippincott & Co.; and it was upon the recent expiration of the term of partnership of the latter that this portion of its members colonized, so to say, to a new establishment, which their large experience and ample capital will no doubt make the counterpart of the immense book-making business they have left. Their store is in the vicinity of that of the Messrs. Lippincott, and therefore in one of the best business portions of Philadelphia, and is described as being, like it, handsome, capacious, and well-appointed.

A LEARNED friend of *The Round Table*, writing to us from St. Louis, mentions an incident which in several respects is so worthy of note that we venture to take the unauthorized liberty of quoting from his letter: "Some weeks ago, I received an invitation to give a series of lectures on Greek literature to a class of ladies who, being desirous of studying that subject privately, thought they should require some little guidance. I accepted the invitation, and proceeded last Saturday afternoon to give the first of a series of twelve lectures. To my astonishment, I found a class of thirty-two ladies of ages varying from sixteen to sixty, each provided with a note-book and pencil, and a copy of Homer! Who shall say, after that, that St. Louis is given up to the worship of Things?"

LIBERIA COLLEGE is soliciting funds in this country, the appeal having the endorsement of President Hill and other Harvard professors, and of Bishop Eastburn and numerous well-known Massachusetts clergymen. The college is already well under way, with a faculty consisting of a president and three professors, all of African descent.

La Grande Duchesse has returned! Opera gloves and bouquets are at a premium, balls and receptions are deserted, and the *jeunesse dorée* of the metropolis centres round the French Theatre; she returns more radiant and *spirituelle* than ever, and her witty and attractive courtiers seem to have drawn fresh inspiration from the brilliant success which has everywhere attended their presence.

MR. LORING, of Boston, has just published a little brochure called *Pen Photographs*, by Miss Kate Field, and which is,

we believe, chiefly about Mr. Dickens. Miss Field wields a lively and facile pen, and all who have read her criticisms of Ristori will anticipate pleasure in perusing her account of the famous novelist.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has published the first number of *Dartagnan*, a non-political journal, which is described by *The Morning Star* as rather like the earlier *Figaro*—a pleasant, gossiping leaf—a sort of literary ice-wafer, warranted never to give its readers the headache, and never to send them to sleep. The veteran himself writes the introductory *Causerie*, and tells the world in postscript that with or without its patronage the journal will go on for a year. In the frontispiece D'Artagnan, of *The Three Mousquetaires*, is seen riding on horseback toward Paris. A few of the things he will find in the capital are enumerated in the *Causerie*. In place of Balzac he will find Ponsou du Terail; in place of Alfred de Musset, Feydeau; in place of Meyerbeer, Offenbach; in place of Mlle. Rachel, Mlle. Favart; in place of Frederick Lemaître, nobody. After the *Causerie* of the father comes *Correspondance Intime* from the son, beginning "Mon père chéri." The rest is made up of a little Arabian tale, verses to Patti, and a bill of fare for a dinner for six, etc., etc.

THE MARQUISE DE BOISSY—the Countess Guiccioli of Lord Byron's Italian life—is said by the Paris correspondent of *The Publishers' Circular* to have in press "her eccentric husband's, and not the poet's, memoirs." But the accounts we have had have been so circumstantial that we can scarcely think the promised *Byron* is not to be given to the world.

M. VICTOR HUGO's separation from his wife, reported by some American newspapers, is pronounced to be entirely without foundation.

M. EDMUND ABOUT has gone to Egypt, by the Viceroy's invitation, to write a book on that country.

A SOCIETY is proposed in England for the translation and publication of Norse sagas, Persian and Hindú tales, Finn and Magyar legends, and the like—the necessity for the society arising from the fact that the class of people who appreciate these productions is not sufficiently large to pay printer, publisher, and translator.

QUEEN VICTORIA's new volume is to be printed, in an abridged form, in embossed letters for the benefit of the blind.

MR. ROBERT BROWN, assisted by several English and Danish men of science, is embodying, in a work on the *Physical Geography of Iceland*, the results of three journeys which he has made to the Arctic regions, the latest of them during last year.

COLGATE'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE SOAP.

A superior TOILET SOAP, prepared from refined VEGETABLE OILS, in combination with GLYCERINE, and especially designed for the use of LADIES and for the NURSERY. Its perfume is exquisite, and its Washing properties unrivalled. For sale by all Druggists.

Wedding Cards and Envelopes, the latest styles, by A. DEMAREST, Engraver, 182 Broadway, corner of John Street. Crystal Cards, Monograms, etc.

TIFFANY & CO.,

550 AND 552 BROADWAY, NEW YORK;

79 RUE RICHELIEU, PARIS.

STERLING SILVER-WARE, FOR THE TABLE OR BUFFET,

Comprising all articles of Use or Ornament, of the most artistic design and elaborate finish.

BRONZES AND GAS-FIXTURES.

Residences furnished with real Bronze Fixtures, and particular care given to the general propriety of Ornamentation. New Designs prepared for Fixtures and Ornaments, and forwarded promptly upon request.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

KALDENBERG & SON, to whom were awarded Prizes at the PARIS EXHIBITION and, *over all others*, by the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1867, having been acknowledged the best makers in this country of

MEERSCHAUM PIPES, HOLDERS, Etc.,

now invite the public to examine their extensive stock and selections at their stores,

23 WALL STREET, corner of Broad Street;
6 JOHN STREET, next to Broadway; and New Store,
717 BROADWAY, under New York Hotel.

N.B.—Repairing in all branches. Diagrams and Price Lists sent. Every article stamped with our name warranted genuine and to color.

THE WEEK.

In this busy community it constantly happens that a clever newspaper article goes unread by thousands because they have "no time" to peruse it on its appearance, or because it is not in the journal they habitually buy. It also constantly happens that interesting articles on American topics, which appear in *The London Times*, *Saturday Review*, and other English publications, escape observation for similar reasons. *THE WEEK* is intended to remedy this condition of things. It will supply, on firm white paper, in capital type, the very choicest articles, paragraphs, bits of spicy intelligence, odds and ends of religious, dramatic, musical, and art gossip from the leading journals of the WHOLE WORLD, as fast as received from week to week. Only eight cents a copy.

CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that imitations of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

Trade-Mark for Electro-Plate.  Stamped on base of every article.

Our Goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Albata or Nickel Silver, and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield Plate.

GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.,

Silversmiths and Manufacturers of Fine Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

The Gorham Ware is indisputably superior

to the finest Sheffield Plate. For sale at retail by STARR & MARCUS, 23 John Street.

CHEAP SOAP! GOOD SOAP!

NATRONA REFINED SAPONIFIER;

OR,
CONCENTRATED LYE.

TWO CENTS A POUND FOR SUPERIOR HARD SOAP.

TWELVE POUNDS OF SOFT SOAP FOR ONE CENT.

Every Family Can Make Their Own Soap.

ALL VARIETIES OF SOAP AS EASILY MADE AS A CUP OF COFFEE.

Is a New Concentrated Lye for making Soap, just discovered in Greenland, in the Arctic Seas, and is composed mainly of Aluminate of Soda, which, when mixed with REFUSE FAT, produces the

Best Detergative Soap in the World.

One Box will make 175 pounds of good Soft Soap, or its equivalent in superior Hard Soap.

Retailed by all Druggists and Grocers in the United States.

* * Full recipes with each box.

Dealers can obtain it wholesale in cases, each containing 48 Boxes, at a liberal discount, of the Wholesale Grocers and Druggists in all the Towns and Cities of the United States, or of

CLIFFORD PEMBERTON, General Agent,
PITTSBURG, PA.

"Where Youth and Beauty Meet, to chase the glowing hours with flying feet," Phalon's Extract of the FLOR DE MAYO is the recognized perfume of the *beau monde*. Without it the belle considers her toilet incomplete; for there is nothing comparable to it either among the fragrant combinations of art or the products of nature.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

WHEELER & WILSON,

625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

AWARDED,

OVER EIGHTY-TWO COMPETITORS, THE HIGHEST PREMIUM,

A GOLD MEDAL,

FOR THE PERFECTION OF

SEWING MACHINES AND BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL FOR THIS BRANCH OF MANUFACTURE.

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine

MADE PERFECT BY THE USE OF

The Bruen Manufacturing Co.'s New Cloth Plate.

By substituting this plate for the old one three distinct and different stitches can be made, viz.: the LOCK, the DOUBLE LOOP ELASTIC (or so-called Grover & Baker), and the newly-patented THREE-THREAD EMBROIDERY STITCH. Price of Plate \$10.

THE BRUEN MANUFACTURING CO., 571 Broadway, N. Y.

RUPTURES CURED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN,

Artistic Surgeon, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances at his office,

697 Broadway, cor. Fourth Street.

The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the Treatment and Cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S., as Principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses are found in Dr. Sherman's appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person or the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest, remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of cases before and after treatment furnished on receipt of two three-cent stamps.

HOW TO FEED INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

COMSTOCK'S RATIONAL FOOD.

A substitute for breast milk for infants, containing all the chemical elements: a concentrated and nutritious Food for INVALIDS and DYSPYPTICS, easily digested by stomachs that can bear no other food.

G. W. COMSTOCK, 57 Cortlandt Street, New York.

CIRCULAR.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, formerly of the firm of

GRIGG, ELLIOT & CO.,

and for many years of the firm of

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA,

on the expiration of the term of partnership with the latter firm, entered into a new copartnership for the purpose of conducting the business of

PUBLISHERS,

BOOKSELLERS,

AND

STATIONERS,

UNDER THE TITLE OF

CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,

AND HAVE COMMENCED BUSINESS

WITH A COMPLETE STOCK,

at their new and capacious store,

819 and 821 Market Street.

From their thorough knowledge of the business, joined with ample capital, they are confident of being able to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor them with their orders.

EDMUND CLAXTON,

GEORGE REMSEN,

CHARLES C. HAFFELFINGER.

PHILADELPHIA, February 20, 1868.

APPLETON'S EDITION

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS,

NOW PUBLISHING,

From new stereotype plates, uniform with the new edition of Dickens, containing all the notes of the author, and printed from the latest edition of the authorized text.

TO BE COMPLETED IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

Price 25 Cents Each.

Printed on fine white paper, clear type, and convenient in size. Pronounced "A Miracle of Cheapness."

ORDER OF ISSUE:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Waverley. | 14. Fortunes of Nigel. |
| 2. Ivanhoe. | 15. Peveril of the Peak. |
| 3. Kenilworth. | 16. Quentin Durward. |
| 4. Guy Rannering. | 17. St. Ronan's Well. |
| 5. Antiquary. | 18. Redgauntlet. |
| 6. Rob Roy. | 19. The Betrothed, and Highland Widow. |
| 7. Old Mortality. | 20. The Talisman. |
| 8. The Black Dwarf, and A Legend of Montrose. | 21. Woodstock. |
| 9. Bride of Lammermoor. | 22. Fair Maid of Perth. |
| 10. Heart of Midlothian. | 23. Anne of Geierstein. |
| 11. The Monastery. | 24. Count Robert of Paris. |
| 12. The Abbot. | 25. The Surgeon's Daughter. |
| 13. The Pirate. | |

On receipt of Six Dollars we will send the entire set of Waverley Novels, as published, post-paid, to any part of the United States. Either of the above sent to any address on receipt of the price, 25 cents per volume.

On receipt of Ten Dollars a complete set of Dickens (in uniform style), 17 volumes, and Waverley, 25 volumes, will be sent, post-paid. The cheapest ten dollars' worth to be found in the whole range of literature. Forty-two volumes for \$10.

EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY FOR THE MILLION TO PURCHASE A SET OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S

WORLD-RENOVED WAVERLEY NOVELS.

CLUB RATES: One complete set, 25 vols., \$6; three complete sets, 25 vols., \$16; five sets, \$26; ten sets, \$50. Mailed at our expense.

Any person obtaining four subscribers for the Waverley Novels, and remitting us \$24, will be entitled to a set of Dickens, 17 vols., gratis. All mailed at our expense.

Any person obtaining eight subscribers, and remitting \$48, will receive a copy of the Waverley Gallery, containing 26 steel engravings of the female characters in the Waverley Novels, bound in elegant morocco, price \$15.

Canvassers wanted in every town in the United States. A great opportunity is afforded to industrious men and women to make money, as every man, woman, and child will purchase The Waverley Novels at this low price.

For special rates apply to the Publishers,

D. APPLETON & CO.,

443 and 445 Broadway, New York.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION DISCUSSED

BY DR. BUSHNELL

IN

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY FOR MARCH.

EXPENSES OF MATRIMONY.

SEE MR. THOM. WHITE'S LITTLE SERMON

IN

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

OUT-OF-THE-WAY BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

SEE

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, No. 3.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, No. 3, contains the Story,

"TOO TRUE,"

which excites great interest and curiosity; and also gives another remarkable Story,

THE PRINCESS VANDA.

Price \$4 per annum; single numbers, 35 cents. See our Prospectus.

C. P. PUTNAM & SON,

661 BROADWAY, New York,

And all News-dealers and Booksellers.

NOW READY.

PRICE 25 CENTS EACH.

PARTS I. AND II. OF THE NEW SERIES

OF

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF PART I.

A beautiful Chromo-lithograph from J. T. Millais's Little Red Riding Hood.

Full-page Engraving from Sir Edward Landseer's picture, The Pet.

With seventeen choice wood-cuts by eminent artists.

The articles are highly interesting, and consist of Two Original Serial Stories of striking interest; Historical Sketches; Brief Biographies; Sketches of Life and Manners; Science and Art; Inventions and Discoveries; Domestic Economy; Natural History; Poetry; Literary Varieties, etc., etc., etc.

CONTENTS OF PART II.

Plates:

The Dawn of Conscience, from a painting by J. Hayllar, R.A.

Balmoral Castle, from a recent photograph, with fourteen illustrations on wood.

The Articles are:

1. Contrast; or, The Schoolfellows. (Continued.)
2. The Walrus.
3. Cuthbert, the Apostle of the Lowlands.
4. The Lessons of a Funeral. By the Lord Bishop of Rochester.
5. Flags, Banners, and Coats-of-Arms.
6. Home Thoughts for Working-Women and Mothers' Meetings.
7. The Story of Camruscan Bold.
8. Church Worthies. No. 2, Leigh Richmond.
9. Parables of Animals.
10. Without a Character. Part II.
11. Physiology for Practical Use. No. 2, The Brain and its Servants.
12. A Royal Diary. Interesting Short Notes, Poetry, etc.

SIXTY-FOUR LARGE PAGES.

Single numbers by mail, prepaid, 25 cents.

Subscription for the year, \$3; three copies, \$8 50; five copies, \$12 50; ten copies, \$25, and an extra copy free.

Liberal inducements offered to canvassers and agents. Send for a circular.

Subscribers are requested to send their remittances direct to

POTT & AMERY, Publishers,

29 Cooper Union, New York.

* * * For sale by the principal booksellers and news-agents throughout the country.

STOECKEL'S SACRED MUSIC.

A NEW COLLECTION OF TUNES AND ANTHEMS,

EMBRACING

EVERY VARIETY OF METRE USED IN SACRED MUSIC.

By DR. GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL, Professor of Music in Yale College. The arrangement of the Music is especially convenient for Organists or other Instrumental Performers.

Complete Hymns accompany the Music, rendering the book particularly adapted to Family and Social Use. In its Harmonies the work is unexcelled by any collection of Sacred Music in this country, and is entirely free from all attempts at "operatic" effects.

A NEW CHRISTMAS AND EASTER ANTHEM, also beautiful and appropriate pieces for COMMUNION AND FUNERAL SERVICES, are included in the collection of Anthems.

Large octavo, extra cloth, price \$2 25.

Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

TAINTOR BROTHERS & CO., Publishers,

229 Broadway, New York.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, AND HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THE GREAT REMEDIES FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medicinally termed, *Extracts*) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation highly concentrated and entirely free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

Those preferring a Medicine free from alcoholic admixture, will use

Hoofland's German Bitters.

Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use

Hoofland's German Tonic.

They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the more palatable.

The Stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing as closely as it does with the Stomach, then becomes affected, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhea, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

Debility,

resulting from any cause whatever: Prostration of the System, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc.

There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

Persons advanced in Life,

and feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instill new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.

It is a well established fact that fully one half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

To this class of persons the BITTERS or the TONIC is especially recommended.

Weak and Delicate Children

are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.

Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note, and of such standing that they must be believed.

Testimonials.

HON. GEORGE W. WOODWARD,

Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:

"PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

"I find Hoofland's German Bitters a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system.

"Yours truly,

GEO. W. WOODWARD."

HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,

"PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

"I consider Hoofland's German Bitters a valuable medicine in case of attacks of indigestion or dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

"Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON."

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

"Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

"Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,

"Eighth, below Coates Street."

FROM REV. E. D. FENDALL,

Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

"I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver,

"Yours truly,

E. D. FENDALL."

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, 631 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

PRICES.

Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle, \$1 00
" " " " " half dozen, 5 00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, 50¢ per bottle, or a half dozen for \$7 50.

* * * Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.